

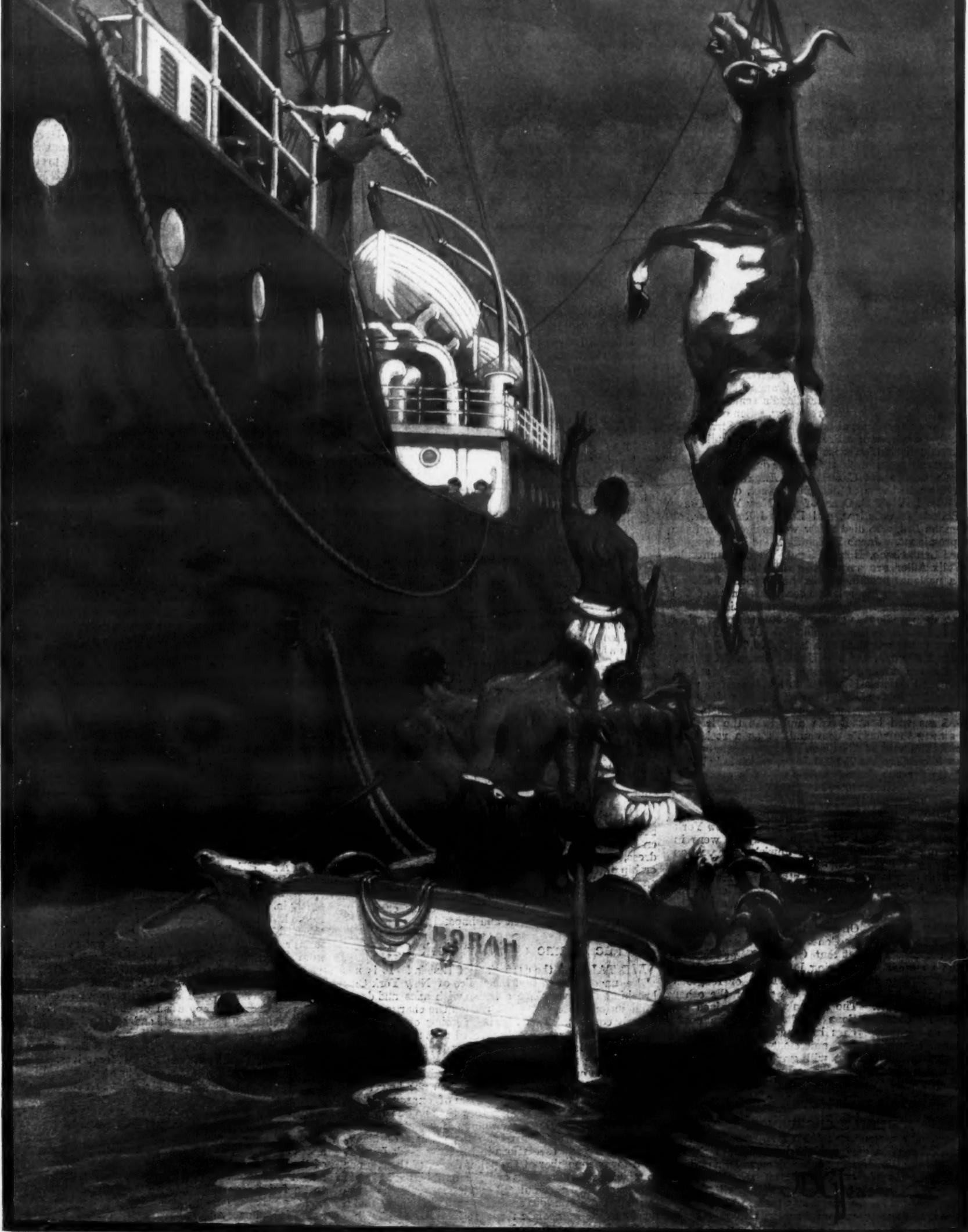
Governor Black on Political Hypocrisy. *Montito* Famous Child Actors.

NO. 2671

NOVEMBER 15, 1906

PRICE 10 CENTS

LESLIE'S WEEKLY



LANDING CATTLE FROM A STEAMSHIP AT MAUNA LOA, HAWAII.
Drawn for Leslie's Weekly by J. D. Gleason.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY IN THE UNITED STATES

VOL. CIII. NO. 3671

PUBLISHED BY THE JUDGE COMPANY, 225 FOURTH AVE.
CABLE ADDRESS, "JUDGARK." TEL. 2214 GRAMERCY.

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Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

WESTERN ADVERTISING OFFICE

1136-7 MARQUETTE BUILDING CHICAGO, ILL.
EUROPEAN SALES-AGENTS: The International News Company, Bream's
Building, Chancery Lane, E. C., London, England; Saarbach's
News Exchange, Mainz, Germany; Brentano's, Paris, France.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Ten Cents per Copy. Foreign Countries In
Postal Union, \$5.50.

Postage free to all subscribers in the United States, and in Hawaii,
Porto Rico, the Philippine Islands, Guam, Tutuila, Samoa, Canada, and
Mexico. Subscriptions payable in advance by draft on New York, or by
express or postal order, not by local checks, which, under present banking
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Thursday, November 15, 1906

The Jew in American Politics.

JEWS ARE beginning to form such a large element in the American population, and so many of them have figured prominently in all sorts of activities in the United States, that it seems odd that the Hon. Oscar S. Straus, of New York City, whom President Roosevelt has recently selected for Secretary of Commerce and Labor, should be the first to enter the Cabinet. Mr. Straus himself has been in the diplomatic service, having been a minister to Turkey. Many Jews have been in each branch of Congress. Several of them, including Maryland's senior Senator, Isador Rayner, are in Congress now. Some of them have been on the Federal bench. But Mr. Straus will be the first member of a President's official family. It is a notable distinction most worthily bestowed.

In American journalism, from the days of Mordecai M. Noah, of the old *Courier and Enquirer*, of New York, down to those of Joseph Pulitzer, of the New York *World*, Adolf S. Ochs, of the New York *Times* and Philadelphia *Ledger*, and Edward Rosewater, of the Omaha *Bee*, who died a few weeks ago, Jews have been prominent. Jacob H. Schiff, Isaac N. Seligman, Edward Lauterbach, Henry Siegel, Walter Damrosch, and Felix Adler are among the scores of Jews who have a national prominence in their various fields of work. Moreover, the relative conspicuity of the Jews is increasing. For one reason this is because the Jewish ingredient is growing faster than any other element of the American population. Of the 11,000,000 Jews in the world, Russia has 5,000,000, Austria-Hungary 2,000,000, and the United States 1,500,000. And while the number is decreasing in Russia and is stationary in Austria-Hungary, it is increasing with great rapidity in the United States. Before 1910 we will pass Austria-Hungary in Jewish population, and by 1925 we will beat Russia and take the leading place among the world's communities as a residence of the descendants of Abraham.

New York City has 750,000 Jews, which is half the aggregate for the United States; which is more than there is in any entire country in the world except Russia, Austria-Hungary, and the United States; which is seven times as many as are in London, and which is thirty times as many as are in Jerusalem. New York has twenty times as many Jews to-day as were in Jerusalem during the height of Jewish power, when that city was one of the world's great capitals. Every fifth person met on the streets of New York City to-day is a Jew. And the Jew's social and business importance exceeds even his numerical strength.

Oscar S. Straus has two distinguished brothers, Isidor and Nathan. One of these, Isidor, declined the office of Postmaster-General in Cleveland's Cabinet. Of course the fact that Oscar S. Straus was a Jew had no effect in inducing President Roosevelt to offer him a place in the Cabinet. Race or religious considerations have no weight one way or the other with Mr. Roosevelt. The choice was determined altogether by considerations of fitness for the post. Mr. Straus for many years has had a high reputation for learning, public spirit, and clear-headedness, and his service in the Cabinet will greatly strengthen a council which already contains many strong men.

All Naming Roosevelt for 1908.

SAYS CONGRESSMAN GROSVENOR, of Ohio, in one of the magazines: "No man who has been elected to the office of President has a moral right to refuse a re-election if the people demand it, and the arguments here made extend that situation forward so long as the demand of the people continues." This, of course, refers to the possibility that in 1908 there will be a loud popular call on President Roosevelt to accept another election. Every day this possibility

tends more and more toward a probability. The past few weeks showed this drift in a decidedly concrete way.

The Missouri Republican State, county, congressional, and senatorial committee chairmen united unanimously in saying that "we would gladly support Theodore Roosevelt for re-election in 1908 to the office now held by him." The Alabama Republican State convention declared for Roosevelt for "another term, in 1908." The Republican State convention of the State of Washington appealed to the President to "yield to the demand of the people by accepting a renomination, should it be tendered."

Said Governor Hoch, of Kansas: "Kansas will lead in drafting President Roosevelt in 1908. When the convention unanimously commands Roosevelt to accept the call of his party, as it will, he will have to yield. I know he has said he would not accept, but the people will see about that." Asked later on about this expression, Governor Hoch added: "Accept? Of course Roosevelt will accept. He can't get away from it. The Republican party is going to make him its nominee for the presidency in 1908."

"That was a fake," said Speaker Cannon, "that story that the President declared I would be the candidate in 1908. He never said anything like that to me, or, so far as I know, to anybody." And Cannon added: "Stranger things have happened than that President Roosevelt would serve until March 4th, 1913."

All these are utterances of the past few weeks. They voice the feelings of a steadily increasing number of persons, in both parties, all over the country. In the event that these Republican and Democratic predictions come true, the New York *World* will be in a good position to say, "I told you so." Over a year ago the *World* prophesied the renomination and re-election of Roosevelt. Events may soon shape things so that the people all over the country will imperiously demand

Four years more
Of Theodore.

Lincoln Would Have Won.

IN AN EDITORIAL recently LESLIE'S WEEKLY called William J. Bryan a "flashlight candidate," and said that if the Democrats should nominate him in 1908 they would be beaten worse than they were in 1900, when they made the second canvass under his leadership. The Sandusky *Register* tells us not to make any mistake about the weakness of the Democratic party; says that it survived many blunders, and adds that in its first and greatest blunder, the split of 1860, that party would have carried the country if it had been united, and Breckinridge or Douglas, and not Lincoln, would have been made President. Our Sandusky friend is mistaken. Breckinridge was the candidate of the Southern Democrats in 1860, Douglas was the nominee of the Northern Democrats, and Bell was put up by the Constitutional Unionists, mostly old Whigs, who had not yet joined either of the big parties.

The *Register* assumes, as scores of other papers, Republican and Democratic, have assumed, that if the entire Democratic vote had been cast for either of the Democratic candidates, he would have been elected. Here is where the error comes in. A coalition between Douglas and Breckinridge in all the free States, even with the vote of Bell, the old Whig, thrown in, would not have taken away from Lincoln any of the States which he carried, except Oregon and California. Taking the seven electoral votes of these two States away from Lincoln, his total of 180 would have been reduced to 173, as against 130 for Breckinridge, Douglas, and Bell combined, and Lincoln's majority in the electoral college would still have been ample. In the aggregate popular vote the three candidates of the opposition led Lincoln, but the poll was distributed the wrong way to do them any good. In most of the slave States Lincoln received no votes, but then, as now, a solid North beats a solid South in the electoral college.

What LESLIE'S WEEKLY said against Bryan, in the editorial which the Sandusky *Register* criticises, has been overwhelmingly indorsed by the popular verdict on Bryan's blunders in his Madison Square Garden address, especially that project for the government ownership of the railways of the country. The protests against Bryan's programme which are pouring in from representative Democrats all over the country, but particularly from the South, show that his candidacy in 1908 would be fantastic and impossible.

The Shame of New York City.

WE TALK of the despotism of Russia! It is not uncommon to find the police of New York City breaking their way into a house with axes and dragging unfortunate women to jail on the charge of disorderly conduct. This has been going on ever since Tammany Hall grafters discovered that money was to be made by levying blackmail on unfortunate women, or by bailing them for a consideration after their arrest. It is extraordinary that the public indignation at this exhibition of lawlessness has not long since been aroused to some decided form of expression. It would have been but for the fact that no one sympathizes with the unfortunate women of the streets, who have for so many years been the victims of blackmailers. Recent revelations in the New York *Herald*, by a former member of the police force, of the manner in which police sergeants and Tammany's professional bondsmen have accumulated enormous wealth by levying blackmail on disreputable women, should have awakened an immediate response in the district-attorney's office. Instead of calling the Rev. Dr. Park-

hurst before the grand jury to explain his charges concerning the blackmailing police, the district-attorney might better have subpoenaed the editor of the *Herald* and the policeman whose terrible story was printed with such circumstantiality. The decision of the commissioner of police of New York City, that inmates of disorderly resorts raided by the police must not hereafter be arrested, but only the proprietors, is in accordance with justice and common sense. Let the incoming Legislature enact a drastic bill to punish landlords of disorderly and gambling houses, and to make it a misdemeanor for a person to be an inmate of a disorderly resort, and something can be done to suppress the social evil so prevalent in our great cities. Its complete suppression is beyond the power of man, but its regulation and control, and its limitation by the power of the law, can be secured in New York, as they have been in many foreign cities. The newly-elected Governor of this State might with great propriety, in his opening message, refer to the need of a sweeping reform in the police administration of New York City. A State constabulary, such as Pennsylvania has secured, is well worth considering.

The Plain Truth.

AS AN illustration of the kind of chivalry prevailing among the titled aristocrats of France, Count Boni de Castellane looms up conspicuously. Here is a man ready always to appear in the newspapers as the challenger of his adversaries, and so fond of "protecting his honor" and obtaining the notoriety this would give him, that he had no time to protect the honor of his home, or of himself in his domestic relations. We find this blustering, blue-blooded bunch of self-conceit stalking about the Chamber of Deputies with a chip on his shoulder, defying any one to knock it off and fight a duel with him, and then going home to maltreat his American wife, whom he had promised to defend and honor, but upon whom he relied solely for the support of himself and his mistresses. We do not know what will be done with Count Boni in Paris, but if he lived in this country his shrift would be short.

ONE OF the best of all the Thanksgiving proclamations of the year is that of Governor Higgins of the State of New York. Simple, modest, with a genuine ring of thanksgiving about it, it was written in the right spirit. As one of the last official acts of one of the best executives the Empire State has ever had, we believe that it embraced the thank-offering of the Governor that he was to be relieved from the burdensome responsibilities of a place which he has filled so ably and faithfully, and at so much personal sacrifice. We have repeatedly said that the administration of Governor Higgins would shine resplendent in the history of this State as one of the most business-like, economical, sagacious, and successful in our records. Retiring to private life, as Governor Higgins shortly will, he will carry with him the highest esteem of all the thoughtful people of the State, and as to the opinion of the rest, he can well afford to treat it with the contempt it deserves.

WE ARE not surprised that President Roosevelt is said to be disgusted with the first result of the attempt to bring about a better understanding of American affairs in Germany through the establishment of the Roosevelt professorship at the University of Berlin. The President has every reason to be displeased with the remarks of Professor Burgess in disparagement of the Monroe Doctrine and the great American principle of protection. These are not antiquated, as the American professor assumes, and they will not be played out as long as a Republican President remains at the head of the nation. If Professor Burgess, in his anxiety to please the Germans, abandoned the interests of the American people, and turned his back on the President himself, he demonstrated not only his lack of appreciation of the dignity of the place to which he has been appointed, but also his lack of common sense. Unless he can explain, his early recall from his new post of duty would be a re-buke justly administered.

WHAT THE word of one strong, honest, fearless, faithful public man may mean in the emergencies of a great political campaign has been shown recently in the State of New York. The speech of the Hon. Elihu Root, Secretary of State, delivered in Utica November 1st, virtually closed the gubernatorial campaign in New York. If it was not the last word spoken it was at least the strongest, and it left nothing more to be said. Directly representing, as Secretary Root did, the President of the United States, he was authorized to add to his own incisive utterances the forceful expression of the President's personal opinion of Mr. Hearst, and of the latter's attitude toward the people. Neither the President nor Secretary Root lacks a vocabulary. Both have a manner of expression peculiar to themselves. They say what they mean, and mean what they say. When the terrific indictment of Mr. Hearst made by the President and emphasized by Mr. Root was spread before the people it went like an electric shock to every corner of the State and inspired intense resentment against Mr. Hearst and his anarchistic utterances and purposes. We are often told that the day of the great orator is past and that stump speeches no longer win votes. The best proof to the contrary is to be found in the Utica speech of Secretary Root, and the profound impression it left on every one who heard it and every one who read it as it was scattered broadcast by the press of the State.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

SENSATIONS IN our diplomatic service, though not numerous, seem to occur with a certain regularity. The latest of these affected our present ambassador to Mexico, Mr. David E. Thompson.



DAVID E. THOMPSON,
American ambassador to Mexico, who denies
serious charges made against him.
—Knobellton.

Diaz, and wrote a letter to the judge before whom the affair was pending. Mr. Thompson promptly denied the allegations, challenged investigation, and declared that the authorities at Washington had been cognizant of his every move. It is possible that the accuser, in his professional anxiety, misconstrued the steps taken by Mr. Thompson, who may simply have sought to do his plain official duty by a fellow-citizen in jeopardy. But in any view of the matter a grave issue was raised, which it seemed necessary for the State Department to consider. This was not the first time that Mr. Thompson was under fire while representing this country abroad. When he was minister to Brazil he was subjected to an attack by Eugene Seeger, then consul-general at Rio. The latter does not appear to have convinced the State Department, and he later left the service, but lately returned to Washington in order to renew his charges.

RECENTLY, for the first time in nearly sixty years, Jason Brown, son of old John Brown, of Harper's Ferry fame, revisited Boston. Mr. Brown is eighty-four years old, and for half a century he has been interested in aerial navigation. He resides at Akron, O., where he lived before going to Kansas in 1855. He is one of the few survivors of the famous fight at Osawatomie, Kan., fifty years ago, between fifty free soilers, led by his father, and 500 Missouri raiders.

PROBABLY the smallest constable in this country is James H. Vincent, of Booneville, Ind., who is only four feet, eight inches tall, and weighs but ninety pounds. This midget official is absolutely fearless, and seems to have a sort of hypnotic power over "bad men." He has made in all more than seven hundred arrests, many of the prisoners being the biggest and toughest desperadoes in the State, and yet to do this he has never drawn a revolver nor resorted to force.

THIS REVELATIONS made in the suit at Paris of the Countess de Castellane (formerly Miss Anna Gould) for divorce from her husband, Count Boni de Castellane, added to the indignation long felt by Americans at the manner in which it was known the count had been treating his wife. The shocking disclosure that, besides being unfaithful, the count, almost since their honeymoon, had been wont to beat the countess, called forth the widest sympathy for this gentle and tender young woman, who is a member of one of America's best families. Her exceptional patience and her silence under the treatment she had to endure were probably due to natural feminine timidity and a desire to avoid scandal. But the limit of human endurance was finally reached, and she was entirely justified in seeking to be legally freed from her tormentor. Never was an American man more woefully deceived in a suitor from abroad. Count Boni came to this country with the highest commendations, and as he was of an excellent family his manners were captivating, he won the heart of a girl of twenty. His home was luxurious, but it was little wonder he had wrecked it and, no doubt, his public career. A very creditable incident

in the Countess de Castellane's life was that she sued for divorce. The Countess de Castellane, (Née Miss Anna Gould) whose husband's cruelty forced her to sue for divorce.

been the devotion displayed and affectionate support given by Mr. George Gould and Miss Helen Gould to their unfortunate sister.

ORGANIC AND taking songs are in great demand among the people of the stage, but capable com-



DR. MARGARET CROSSE,
An American musical composer whose songs
have made a great hit.

posers of such verses and tunes are few and far between. Among the most successful producers of songs of the right sort is Miss Margaret Crosse, of New York, whose tuneful pen is nowadays allowed but little rest. Miss Crosse is a post-graduate of the University of Vienna, and has been a surgeon in good and regular practice. But she had for years displayed a gift for the writing of songs which so pleased her friends that some of the latter brought them to the notice of the popular actress, Miss May Irwin. Miss Irwin was charmed with Dr. Crosse's productions, and has been singing them

in her new play this season, making a pronounced hit with them. This has resulted in many orders to Dr. Crosse from recognized artists, one of whom wants a musical play, while others require librettos, lyrics, etc. Dr. Crosse put but a modest value on her songs, and it was with much trepidation that she sang them for Miss Irwin the first time they met. Now the two women are fast friends, and Miss Irwin often visits Dr. Crosse at her home and listens for hours to the composer's rendition of classic and other music.

DESPITE THE confidence and the excellent equipment with which he started on his latest arctic expedition, Commander Robert E. Peary has failed once more in the attempt to reach the North Pole. The explorer managed to get up to 87 degrees and six minutes, or within 203 miles from his objective point, making new "farthest north" record. But the disruption of the ice in the polar ocean put an end to his northward journey, greatly to the disappointment of many Americans whose fad it is to be interested in these arctic ventures.

THE recent resignation from the United States Naval Academy, at Annapolis, of Asahi Kitagaki removed from that institution the only Japanese midshipman who had of late been receiving instruction there. The young man's action attracted unusual attention because it occurred at a time when sensational rumors were afloat of possible trouble between the United States and Japan, owing to the discrimination against Japanese children in San Francisco's schools. Kitagaki withdrew from the academy at the request of his nation's embassy at Washington, and this was interpreted in many quarters as signifying Japanese resentment against this country. This construction of the event was officially discredited, and it was asserted at Washington that his departure was due solely to the fact that he was deficient in his studies. The ex-midshipman is a personal friend of President Roosevelt and family, and after leaving Annapolis he called at the White House, where he was cordially received. This did not look as if he or others of his people harbored unfriendly feelings toward Americans. But whatever may the relations of the two governments hereafter, Kitagaki will go down in the archives as the last Japanese cadet at Annapolis.

The law enacted at the late session of Congress prohibits further admission of foreign students to the naval academy.



ASAHI KITAGAKI,
The last Japanese midshipman at our naval
academy, who recently resigned.

INTENSE EXCITEMENT was caused recently among the followers of Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, the famous head of the Christian Science Church, by certain sensational statements concerning her in the newspapers.

These asserted that Mrs. Eddy was decrepit and palsied; that she had been kept under the influence of drugs; that for three years she had been confined to her house and secluded from the public; that another woman impersonated her in her alleged daily carriage rides; and that the management of her vast property (reported to amount to \$15,000,000) and her business affairs had been taken entirely out of her hands. All this was charged to designing persons who were said to surround her. When it is considered that Mrs. Eddy's teachings imply the overcoming by human beings of disease, and even death, it is no wonder that these assertions greatly disturbed her millions of adherents. Denials and a fierce controversy followed the published reports, and in order to test the truthfulness of the latter a party of newspaper representatives was permitted to call on Mrs. Eddy at her home in Concord, N. H. She is eighty-six years old, and was found to be palsied, and she otherwise showed the marks of age, despite somewhat gorgeous raiment and a rouged face. She managed to go out in her carriage, but took little interest in her surroundings. Answering questions, she said that she was in good health, that God was her only physician, and that she drove out every day. This test of her condition will doubtless have the effect of restoring the full confidence of her followers in this remarkable woman.

ALABAMA is represented in the upper house of Congress by two of the oldest members of that body, Senator Morgan is eighty-two, Senator Pettus, eighty-five, but both are still wide-awake and active men. Not long ago Mr. Morgan was chosen by the Democratic primary conventions of his State to the Senate for another term. In compliance with the law the Senator made an affidavit, declaring that this re-election had cost him only sixty dollars, which sum he had paid to the Democratic state committee. When asked if that was the regular expense of an election as Senator from Alabama, Mr. Morgan replied: "Not always so cheap. My colleague Pettus's election cost him seventy dollars. The old fox! I wish it had cost him one hundred dollars." This is almost convincing evidence that Alabama is just the State for the poor man who has a taste for politics.

AMONG THE young officers of the United States Signal Corps who are coming into prominence through successful experiments in sending messages is Lieutenant J. Edward Abbott, a former Maryland newspaper man. During the Spanish-American War Lieutenant Abbott left his desk in the office of a daily newspaper and enlisted in the volunteer signal corps, and was sent to Cuba. In 1898 he was ordered to the Philippines, where he spent three years in the wildest part of the islands. Returning to the States he was graduated from the general service and staff college of the army at Fort Leavenworth, after which he was appointed and commissioned in the regular army, and two more years were spent in the islands of the far East. He commanded the signal corps detachment at the camp of instruction near Austin, Tex., during the summer, and was recently ordered to Cuba in charge of one hundred and twenty-five picked men. Lieutenant Abbott's newspaper training has served him well in this responsible position, as long ago he learned to be ever on the alert for information, and to impart it without delay to the proper person in a concise and comprehensive manner. His fidelity to duty and genial Southern manner have won the confidence of his men, who look upon him as a friend as well as a commander.



MRS. MARY BAKER G. EDDY,
Head of the Christian Science cult, who has
recently been constrained to appear
in public.



LIEUTENANT J. E. ABBOTT,
Formerly a newspaper man, now an able
signal corps officer.—Mrs. C. R. Miller.

The Utes' Sensational Flight from Their Reservation

THE MARCH of several hundred Ute Indians from their reservation in Utah through Wyoming and into Montana, which gave rise to many sensational rumors of trouble, ended on the Little Powder River, Montana. Soldiers had been ordered from different points to intercept the Indians, but no serious clash occurred, and after a conference with army officers the Utes agreed to go peaceably to Fort Meade, S. D., and remain there until their representatives could have a talk at Washington with President Roosevelt. They will be properly cared for and kept in good humor at the fort, and doubtless, after listening to the chiefs who are to meet him, the President will be able to suggest a solution of the problem satisfactory both to the red men and to the government. So far as it lies with the chief magistrate of the nation, the Indians will surely have a "square deal."

Going back over the Ute Indian controversy there seems to be much reason in many of the claims of the band. The Utes have always liked to roam about and leave their reservation. They hate monotony, and, moreover, the roving spirit is inbred into their natures and hard to get out in one short generation. It is still new to them to be compelled to stay on a certain tract of land, unable to leave without permission, and the reason for staying or asking permission to go is not yet instilled into their minds. Some time ago apportionments of land were made to the Utes, and each family expected to take up residence on its portion. After this was done there was some land left unapportioned. This was thrown open to white settlers, and it being here and there all over the reservation, it was not long before the Indians had many white



KILLS-THE-WOMAN, A TYPICAL YOUNG WOMAN OF THE CHEYENNE TRIBE.—*Coffeen.*

neighbors. All of this did not please the Utes in the least. Moreover the irrigating system was unsatisfactory. In addition the land seemed poor to them in comparison with the land of other tribes.

An Indian is like a child—ever ready for anything new, and anxious for change of scene and friends, yet he is keen in many respects beyond expectation. When an Indian takes up a portion of land and the patent is given him he becomes an American citizen, with all of the rights appertaining thereto. This the Utes soon comprehended. The logical outcome of all of this was natural. The Utes said to each other, if we are citizens with the full rights of citizenship we have the right to travel over the country and settle where we please, just as the white man does. He drives his sheep and cattle over government land and takes up homesteads and settles where he pleases and can live the most comfortably and can make the most money. We will do the same. Forthwith the Utes set out, taking their tepees, horses, cattle, dogs, and wives and children with them. All through their journey they were peaceful and unharmed. At Gillette they bought some one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars' worth of flour, meat, coffee, and other provisions. They had their own herd of stock to kill for meat. Not a case has been proved where they robbed, killed, or molested in any way. On the contrary, the people of Gillette say that they would be glad to have them return and continue to buy of them. In addition they state that to their knowledge there was not an Indian intoxicated during their stay there. The one purpose of the Utes seemed to be to find unoccupied land for a happy home, where there would be good water, wood, and plenty of game. But they and all other Indians must eventually settle down and work like white men if they would preserve their existence in this age of competition and strenuous toil.



ONE OF THE ENCAMPMENTS IN WYOMING OF THE HUNDREDS OF UTES WHO ESCAPED FROM THEIR RESERVATION IN UTAH, AND SPREAD TERROR ON THEIR NORTHWARD JOURNEY.—*Coffeen.*



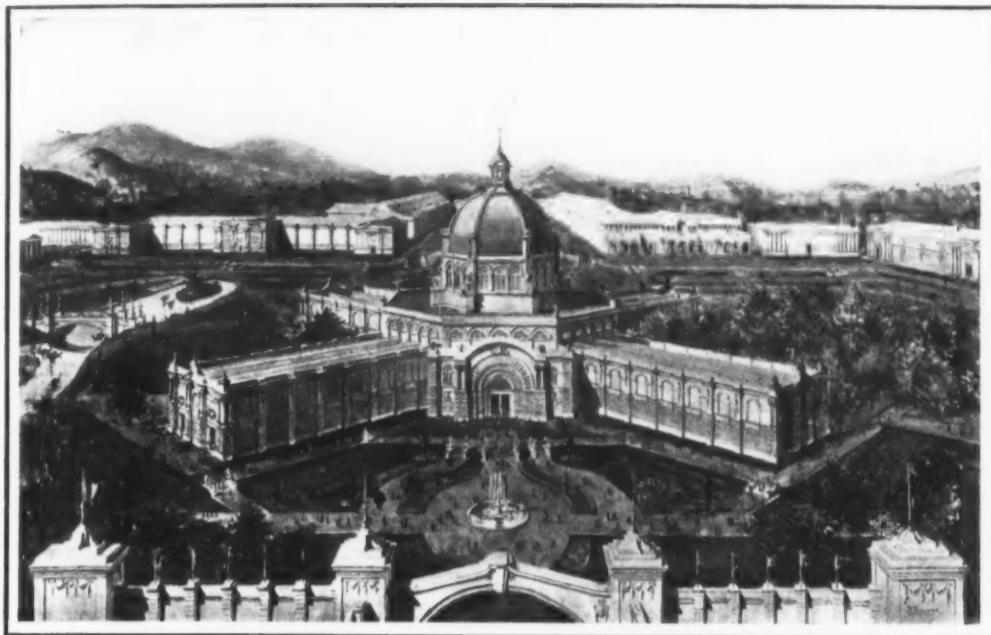
CHIEF SHORT TREE, AND OTHER CHEYENNES, FOR WHOSE RESERVATION IN MONTANA THE FUGITIVE UTES WERE HEADING.—*Coffeen.*



THE COLD AND DREARY WOLF MOUNTAINS, IN MONTANA, AMID WHICH THE FLEEING UTES TOOK REFUGE FROM THE SOLDIERS.—*Coffeen.*



UTES WHO FLED FROM UTAH ENTERING THE "BAD LANDS" IN NORTHEASTERN WYOMING.—*Coffeen.*



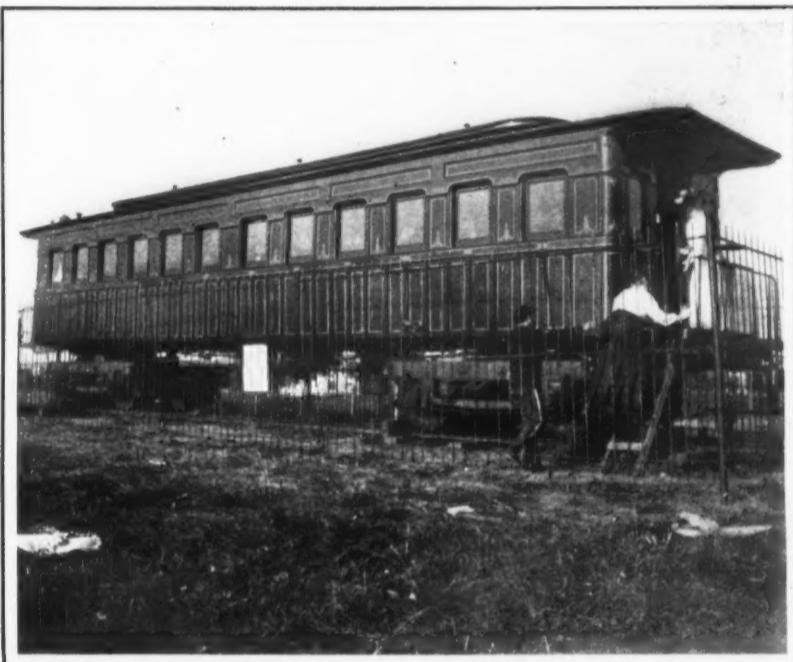
THE GREAT IRISH INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION OF 1907—BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS NEAR DUBLIN, AS THEY WILL APPEAR SOON.
P. O'Brien, Ireland.



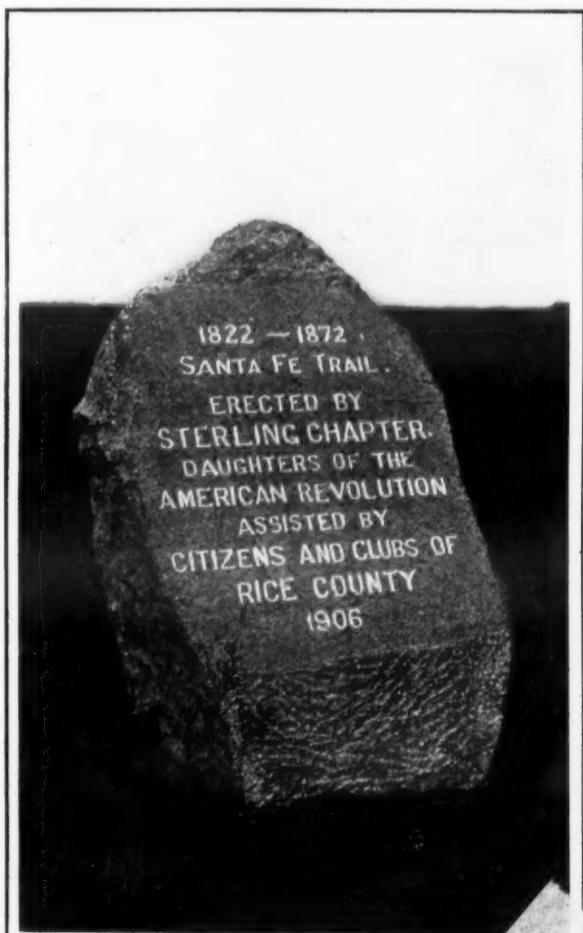
DARING BANK ROBBERY IN THE WEST—CHAOTIC INTERIOR OF THE SAWYER (N. D.) BANK AFTER BANDITS HAD BLOWN OPEN AND LOOTED THE SAFE OF \$4,000.—A. C. Brokaw, Minnesota.



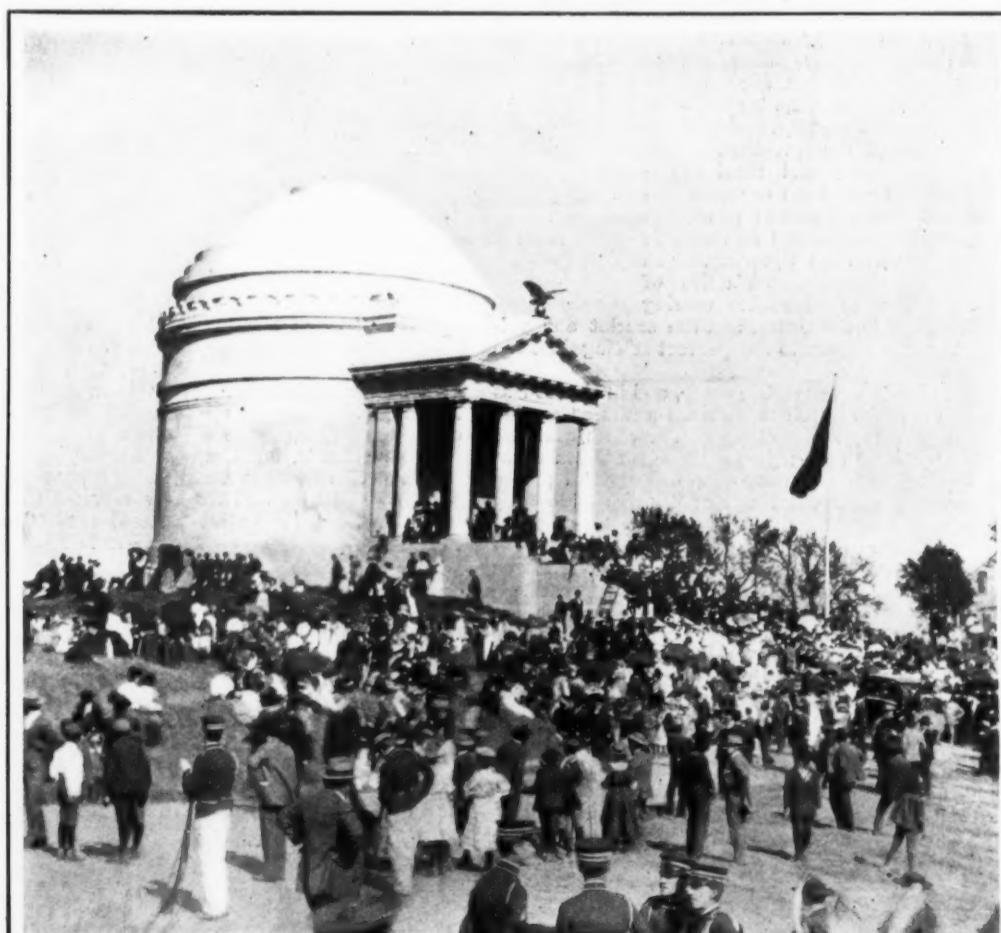
THE FURIOUS CYCLONE IN CUBA—MANY TREES DESTROYED BY THE STORM IN THE SQUARE BEFORE THE PALACE AT HAVANA.—D. Pratt Mannix, Cuba



AN HISTORIC RELIC—ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S PRIVATE, AND ALSO HIS FUNERAL, CAR—RECENTLY EXHIBITED IN MINNEAPOLIS BY ITS NEW PURCHASER.—Clara Schermerhorn, Minnesota.



THE FAMOUS SANTA FE TRAIL—FIRST BOWLER, NEAR BURLINGTON, IOWA, ONE OF THE MANY WITH WHICH THE TWO-THOUSAND-MILE TRAIL IS MARKED.—C. M. Haas, Iowa.



(PRIZE WINNER, \$10.) A SUPERB MONUMENT TO CIVIL-WAR HEROES—DEDICATION, AT VICKSBURG, MISS., OF THE \$268,000 MEMORIAL IN HONOR OF THE ILLINOIS SOLDIERS WHO TOOK PART IN THE FAMOUS SIEGE.—Charles Long, Mississippi.

NINE PHOTO PRIZE CONTEST—MISSISSIPPI WINS.
MERITORIOUS PICTURES BY SKILLFUL CAMERISTS THAT MAKE VIVID RECORD OF INCIDENTS OF TIMELY INTEREST.

Hunting Big Game in the Canadian Forests

By Joseph P. Greaves

ONLY A FEW seasons ago the paths of New York lovers of sport were turned toward Maine as a field for the annual hunt, but now that the Maine season does not open before the middle of October, while the season in Canada extends from September until the end of the year, it is not remarkable that the Maine forests are gradually losing many hunters who go to Canada instead.

Although New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island are popular regions for New York hunters, the vast territory under the Canadian flag where big game may be found, comprising as it does 2,250,000 square miles of forest, naturally furnishes a latitude of choice, and there is plenty of room and game for all.

Our little party of five pitched its first temporary camp in the vicinity of Lake Edward, in the Province of Quebec, and during our few weeks in the woods we made a complete circuit of about one hundred and fifty miles, touching at Polliwog Lake, Lake Stanislaus, Lake Ecarte, and Lake Crepo, and gradually working back again to

the original starting place before seriously packing our trophies, such as they were, for the homeward trip. In all Canada the list of feathered game is attractive, and includes wild geese, brant, ducks of various kinds, woodcock, plover, and snipe; and from the first day we had an abundance of these to lend variety to our fare.

Our Indian guides being secured, our guns, ammunition, provisions, and canoes being ready, we ate our first woodland meal and, with the spirits of schoolboys, started straight through the thick of the forest of hard-wood trees—birch, maple, and beech—which the autumn had touched with a riot of color magnificent to behold. Toward nightfall, after a steady tramp, a portion of which led through a region where there was no trail, we finally set down our some eighty pounds each of “carry” from aching shoulders and, upon the advice of the guides, decided to spend the night. A second day’s tramp brought us to what we considered a fair ground for game, and we pulled up in one of the prettiest spots, for natural beauty and ideal camping, that it has ever been my good fortune to see. On one side of us lay one of the numerous lakes fed by streams, on the other stretched out what, to all appearances, was limitless miles of forest. A growth of rushes casting their reflection in the water, and the scarlet and yellow of the trees gave to the perfect setting just the right touch of color.

All hands set to in making camp, and in almost less time than it takes to tell it we were gathered around a crackling blaze and pulling at our pipes while we watched the Indian cook preparing a half-dozen or so snipe for broiling, which one of the party had picked off during the tramp, and the others who were busy with the birch-bark shack and the gathering of great bundles of balsam for the beds. It would seem as if nature has especially designed the Canadian balsam for the purpose of making soft couches for tired hunters. Our broiled snipe disposed of, and after the guides had given us a sample of moose-calling with birch-bark horns, with which they imitate the natural cry of the animal with remarkable skill, we played a game or two of cribbage and then turned in, with a splendid prospect, so far as the weather was concerned, for the morrow’s sport.

But, as often happens in Canada and elsewhere, the indications were not correct, and the next three days found us weathering a drizzling rain, but contented and happy to a degree with the lake and fishing close by; and then, too, we were accorded an opportunity of trying out the special evaporated and compressed foods which a food crank in the party had brought along. With soup tablets, dried eggs, dried potatoes, and dried vegetables of every variety, the hunter of to-day is enabled to fare most sumptuously, whether he is lucky enough to bag game or not.

To what extent a camper’s outfit has been perfected is a matter of interest to sportsmen. A few years ago the outfits at the best were clumsy and heavy

without including some of the most essential articles. But since the attention of manufacturers has been turned to the compressing into the smallest possible bulk the greatest number of articles, campers are now enabled to enjoy comparative luxury in the way of foods and cooking utensils, the weight and bulk being about the same as when everything was cooked in one pan and the hunter depended largely upon the chase for his fare. There are now folding cups, folding soup-bowls, pans with detachable handles, water-filters which go into one’s pocket, lanterns that fold flat like a letter, folding combs, and even brushes which lie flat so that they may slide into a convenient pocket until a spring is touched, and behold! a full-sized brush ready for use.

The third morning rewarded us with bright sunshine, and my guide, “Indian Joe,” volunteered that the soft ground was much in our favor, for it would enable us to make our way noiselessly through the wood, and that the recent rains were also advantageous in that the tracks of the moose could be easily followed. With one of the party left in charge of the camp, four of us with guides started each in a different direction. Joe and I had been out only half an hour when we discovered fresh tracks. However, a quartette of disappointed hunters gathered round the camp-fire that night, swapped experiences about the difficulties attending moose-hunting, and were all quite ready to appreciate any hunter who could point with pride to a trophy of a successful chase. One party had succeeded in sighting a moose, but being down wind the animal had scented it, and was off even before a rifle could be raised. The other two had equal success with Joe and myself—they had seen fresh tracks; all of which was hopeful, for, as Joe said “there was sure heap moose in the vicinity.”

We planned, if the evening should be clear, to try calling. Moose-calling should always be done at night, for moose do not so readily respond to a call in the day-time. Bright moonlight is also necessary for night hunting, as without it the hunter cannot see a moose should one show in answer to the call. There are few phases of hunting that are more interesting and more exciting than moose-calling. The hours selected by the experienced guides are after sunset and until within a few hours of sunrise. The first thing to provide is blankets in which one may wrap himself while waiting in the chill air—for moose-hunters cannot walk about and clap their arms to restore circulation, or take any of the usual methods of keeping warm. The smoke from a fire would be scented

the calls, and some guides take half an hour. That this particular branch of hunting requires a rare quality of patience may be realized when one considers that it is often necessary to sit for hours in the middle of the night, calling every fifteen minutes or so and listening with every nerve strained to catch the answer, should there be one; and also to listen for indications of an animal coming up without answering at all. In this case even the slightest noise would prove fatal to getting a shot at him.

We had called half a dozen times or more, and between times had sat benumbed, with blankets drawn close—for Joe had descended from the tree and noiselessly made his way over to me to discuss the advisability of giving it up for the night—when faintly, off to the left, came an answering call. This began the exciting part of the hunt, for the greatest caution must be observed, now that we had attracted a moose, to keep on fooling him. In a short time we could hear him coming through the brush stopping, evidently suspicious, then

coming a little closer. A false move now would have been a disgrace to both hunter and guide. After a wait of about ten minutes of perfect quiet there was another rustling of the brush and a magnificent specimen came full into view. In a second I had shot him behind the shoulder and he plunged forward dead. Joe, as excited as I, stepped out with me to inspect the prize, which proved to be about a twelve-hundred-pounder. It was now early dawn, and by the time we had skinned our moose and had prepared the head for carrying, as well as some steaks, we were pretty well fagged out and as hungry as successful hunters generally are. The return to camp found another head and more steaks from one whose success had been quicker than ours, and it is safe to say that the moose breakfast, with its accompanying yarns of “just how it was done,” will be long remembered by all present. Despite repeated hunts of both calling and stalking there were no more moose for our party, but there was good sport with both bear and deer, to say nothing of the feathered game.

A curious thing about Canadian forests is that there are no snakes, and even from a description the Indian guides did not seem to understand what a snake would be like. During the few weeks of our stay in the woods we ran

across countless beaver dams, and the little animals seemed to be very numerous, owing, no doubt, to their protection by the law. Fishing, all through Canada, is as good as the hunting, and should one fail to bag a moose he is fully compensated for the trip by the abundance of other game, including bear and deer. There is a weird melancholy about Canadian forests, with their hundreds of small lakes and rivers scattered here and there, and although the scenery never rises to the magnificent, there is something haunting, aside from the sport in it, that draws the hunter back season after season. Canada is filled with legends and strange superstitions, most of them of Indian origin, and all of them interesting to a degree, especially when related by one of the Indian guides who can be induced to talk.

Disfigured for Life

IS THE DESPAIRING CRY OF THOUSANDS AFFLICTED WITH UNSIGHTLY SKIN HUMORS.

Do you realize what this disfigurement means to sensitive people? It means isolation, seclusion. It is a bar to social and business success. Do you wonder that despair seizes upon these sufferers when doctors fail, standard remedies fail, and nostrums prove worse than useless? Blood and skin humors are most obstinate to cure or even relieve. It is an easy matter to claim to cure them, but quite another to do so. The Cuticura Remedies (consisting of Cuticura Soap to cleanse the skin, Cuticura Ointment to heal the skin, and Cuticura Resolvent Pills to purify the blood) have earned the right to be called Skin Cures, because for years they have met with most remarkable success.



HUNTER PREPARED FOR A DAY OF SPORT.



PARTY OF HUNTERS RESTING AND LUNCHING ON THE SHORE OF LAKE EDWARD, IN THE CANADIAN WOODS.



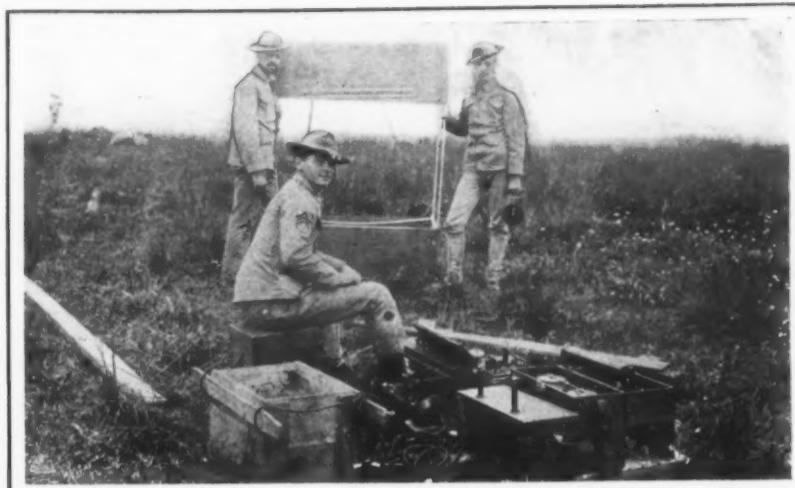
CAMPER'S WONDERFULLY CONVENIENT OUTFIT, WHICH PACKS INTO A SMALL CASE.



SPORTSMEN CARRYING HEAVY LOADS OF CAMP EQUIPAGE AT A PORTAGE.



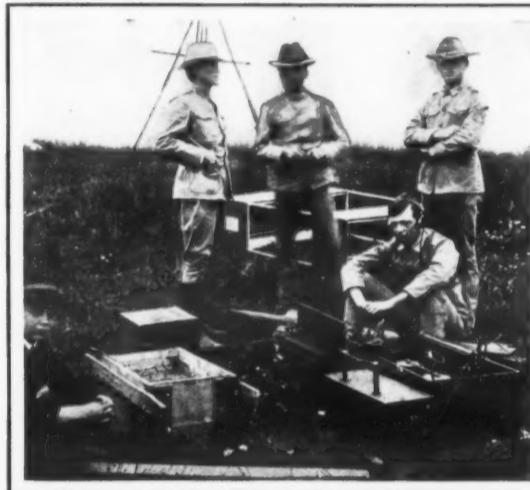
SIGNAL-CORPS DETACHMENT GOING, IN THE INSTRUMENT WAGON TO SET UP A WIRELESS TELEGRAPH IN THE FIELD.



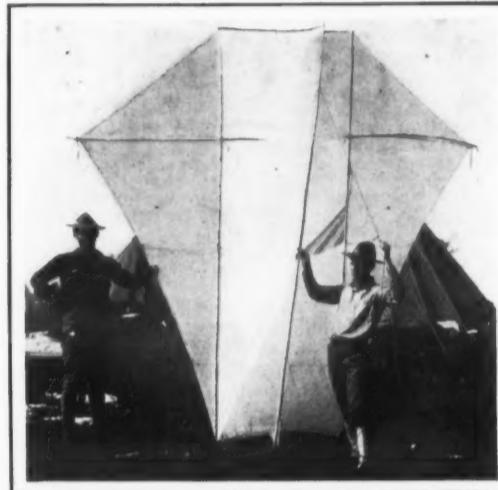
PREPARING TO SEND UP A BOX-KITE WITH THE ANTENNA, OR FEELER, OF A WIRELESS TELEGRAPH IN THE FIELD.



WIRELESS TELEGRAPH PUT IN OPERATION IN THE WAGON WITHIN LESS THAN TEN MINUTES AT ANY POINT.



PORTABLE WIRELESS-TELEGRAPH INSTRUMENTS PLACED ON THE GROUND FOR A STEADY BASE.



GREAT KITE OF CHINA SILK AND BAMBOO MADE BY SERGEANT KING (IN FRONT OF KITE), WHICH RAISES THE WIRELESS ANTENNA IN A SLIGHT BREEZE.

THE WIRELESS TELEGRAPH PUT TO MILITARY USE IN THE FIELD.

INGENIOUS PORTABLE APPARATUS WHICH WAS SUCCESSFULLY OPERATED DURING THE LATE ARMY MANOEUVRES AT MOUNT GRETNNA, PENN.—*Photographs from A. W. Dunn.*

Science in the Midst of Savagery.

TO THOSE whose knowledge of the Soudan is confined chiefly to the works of Kipling, and who think of the country as populated by Fuzzy-Wuzzies—"all 'ot sand and ginger"—the appearance of the second report of the Wellcome Research Laboratories of the Gordon Memorial College at Khartoum, with its elaborate illustrations and beautiful letterpress, would be a distinct surprise. Among the purposes of these laboratories, which were founded by the munificence of an American, are the study of tropical disorders of man and beast, and the testing of agricultural, mineral, and other substances of practical importance in the industrial development of the Soudan. The chief of the chemical section is Dr. William Beam, also an American, whose investigations into the resources of the country are expected to have important results.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the report is that dealing with the tsetse fly, one species of which (*Glossina palpalis*) is said to be the cause of the terrible "sleeping sickness," which has made such ravages in northern Uganda and whose spread into the Soudan

is feared. A related species, the bite of which is apparently not fatal to men, although it is so to mules and donkeys, seems to attack by preference the leading men and animals of a caravan, those in the rear escaping.

Recent Deaths of Noted Persons.

CONGRESSMAN ROCKWOOD HOAR, of Worcester, Mass., son of the late United States Senator George F. Hoar.

Rev. Dr. J. C. K. Milligan, of New York, a prominent Presbyterian clergyman and ex-president of Geneva College, Ohio.

General John H. Ketcham, of Dover Plains, New York, Congressman from the Twenty-first New York District, serving his seventeenth term, and a gallant officer in the Civil War.

Colonel Le Grand B. Cannon, ninety-one years old, one of the most prominent of the old-time citizens of New York.

George Herring, of London, the eminent English philanthropist.

Archduke Otto, of Vienna, nephew of Emperor Francis Joseph, and brother of the heir presumptive to the throne of Austria-Hungary.

Rev. Dr. Isaac L. Nicholson, of Milwaukee, Wis., bishop of the Milwaukee Episcopal diocese.

Gathorne Hardy, first Earl of Cranbrook, a distinguished British statesman.

Joseph E. Gary, the famous judge of Chicago, who sentenced the anarchists concerned in the Haymarket riot.

Rev. Edgar M. Levy, of Philadelphia, who made the opening prayer at the first national convention of the Republican party, held in Philadelphia in 1856.

"Uncle" Amos Boreum, of Oyster Bay, L. I., an old stage-driver, and a friend of President Roosevelt.

James D. Yeomans, of Washington, D. C., ex-interstate commerce commissioner.

Dr. N. A. Pratt, of Atlanta, Ga., who was the chief chemist of the Southern Confederacy.

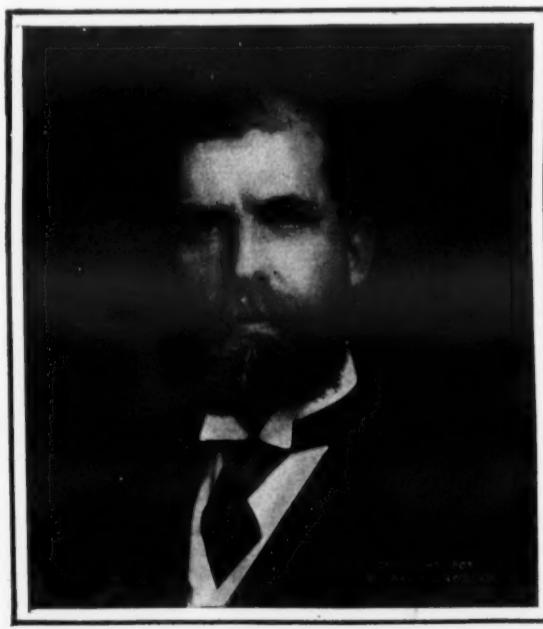
William Reynolds, of San Francisco, composer of the popular song, "Nancy Brown."

W. O. Robson, of Boston, Mass., supreme secretary of the Royal Arcanum.



CHEER LEVIES EMPLOYED IN THE NEW YORK CAMPAIGN.

"SANDWICH MEN" WALKING THROUGH THE DOWN-TOWN STREETS OF THE METROPOLIS BEARING POLITICAL PLACARDS WHICH CAUGHT THE ATTENTION OF HOSTS OF VOTERS.
Photograph by H. D. Blauvelt.



NEXT GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK STATE.

HONORABLE CHARLES EVANS HUGHES, THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEE WHO DEFEATED WILLIAM R. HEARST BY A PLURALITY OF OVER 50,000.

The Enormous Output of Precious Metals in Colorado

By E. C. Rowe

THE STATE of Colorado plays an interesting and exceedingly important part in the drama of American mining. Since the wild and historic rush of gold seekers to California Gulch in the winter of 1859, which event marked the Territory's birth as a mining commonwealth, Colorado has maintained a supremacy over all other States in the value of her metallic production and the payment of profits from her mining operations. As Territory and as State, Colorado owns a record of a billion dollars' worth of gold and silver and the by-products of these metals—an average of about twenty million dollars a year for the forty-six years of the State's history. Colorado is now maintaining a record of fifty millions a year, and this regal output is annually growing, despite the fact that in all the "camps" actual mining production has purposely ceased with many companies, who are prosecuting extensive tunneling operations for the more economical reclamation of their ore deposits.

Of course this abandonment of the former methods of shaft-mining acts as a temporary deterrent to the State's possible still more amazing output. But, when the half hundred big mining corporations now boring tunnels to intersect the rich quartz veins that so strongly rib the State shall have entered the promised land of their treasures, the great lodes from which they have already mined so many millions of dollars by the cruder methods of shaft-mining, and are aided by the results of enormous strides taken by metallurgical science in the last two or three years in the treatment of refractory and low-grade ores, the State's yearly production is likely to reach the amazing total of sixty millions and more. It would be difficult to form even an approximate estimate of Colorado's total dividend disbursement, but its stupendous aggregate has doubtless enriched thousands of men.

Much of this wealth has clung to the State and developed and made beautiful the city of Denver, acknowledged by all to be the most entrancing city in all the West. Denver is truly the abode of multi-millionaires, and their stately homes, covering for miles the Capitol Hill section of the city in three directions, the luxurious apartment houses and modern hotels, and the hundred or more lofty business blocks are the direct results of the State's mining. From direst poverty to an important position among American money kings has been the lot of a number of the early operators of California Gulch, Cripple Creek, Clear Creek, and Gilpin; and Colorado counts a multitude of merely rich men, all of whom, after acquiring quickly-born riches from mining ventures, have elected to make the State their permanent abode.

Colorado has already numbered two quite distinct epochs in her mining history, and is now well entered upon the third. The first of these had to do with the rich placer deposits; the second with the discovery and reclamation of the richer quartz lodes, and the third with the conception of, and—after a successful demonstration—widespread prosecution of tunnel mining.

Tunneling, costly of construction and exasperatingly slow of installation, is, when operative, amazingly economical, and its ultimate universal adoption is destined—and perhaps at a date not very remote in the future—to widen the State's production of gold and silver into an annual volume which may require nine figures to measure its value. This is no mining dream. Already many of the mines in the golden San Juan, one of Colorado's bonanza districts, are prosecuting all their vast mining operations through crosscut tunnels which have been in operation two years or more. The famous Camp Bird mine at Ouray and the Smuggler Union at Telluride, with their enormous dividend payments, are examples of successful demonstration of the economy of tunnel mining. But the home of tunnel mining is in the Clear Creek section, the royal centre of the greatest fissure veins in the State, that stalk across the county's mountainous surface like the spokes of a wheel. Within this county of Clear Creek are not less than a score of plucky corporations which have abandoned absolutely all shaft-mining operations to bore crosscut tunnels. A number of these tubes are now into the first great fissures and shipping ore therefrom, and as fast as the drill and blast permit, other veins will be cut; and each new strike adds another rich asset to the lucky company and the State.

Truly did nature create this spot for tunneling. The mountains of Clear Creek County which contain metallic ores number a hundred or more, a great jumbled mass of volcanic granite, all exceedingly high and exceedingly steep, many showing at the very summits the widest and strongest ore croppings. "Sinking" on these ore-bodies is attended by inevitable costly pumping of seepage waters, which increase in volume as depth is gained, and when ores are hoisted from below a two-hundred-foot level, it, too, is a costly operation. Driving in directly from the foot of the mountain, sometimes a mile, sometimes two or three miles, the vein is cut, usually at right angles, at a depth of from a thousand to three thousand feet, and then the miner has but to break down his ores and train them out to the mill, which is usually built near the tunnel entrance. This saves hoisting ores and country rock from great depths, saves pumping, saves carrying coal up the mountain-side to the shaft-house, and saves carriage of ores down; and, withal, I am told that it brings the cost of mining down from fifty per cent. to seventy-five per cent., or even more.

A better illustration of the application of modern

mining methods to an old but exceedingly rich mining property, from which great financial returns have been obtained by crude shaft-mining procedure, could not be had than that offered by the great Clear Creek and Gilpin Company at Dumont, a few miles above Idaho Springs. To this vast mining property nature seems to have added all possible natural handicaps in the way of topographical elevation after coyly endowing the mines with one of the richest ore reserves seen in the entire State. But the pluck and money of the owners will soon defeat all these handicaps, as it is doing with some of the smaller neighboring mines. Summer tourists go directly through this property in visiting the famous Georgetown Loupe and Silver Plume, for the tracks of the C. and S. railroad skirt its lines for over a mile. Probably few, however, have any knowledge of the gigantic—yes, almost titanic—enterprise being carried on here with little stir or comment.

As the traveler passes Idaho Springs he immediately enters the zone of Clear Creek mining, and not a great way farther up the canyon, if he looks out of the car-window, he will see a collection of newly constructed buildings painted a dull gray. A large sign upon one reads: "Clear Creek and Gilpin Mining and Tunnel Company." Near by Albro Mountain towers above these buildings, and the traveler by some perilous twisting of the neck may discern, away up on the very crest of old Albro, 3,000 feet above the train, another sign bearing the same legend. Off from the shoulder of Albro and far up a steep gulch the gazer may descry two gray shaft-houses, one reading "Albro Mine," and the other, some distance beyond, reading "Eagle Mine." From the farthest shaft-house comes a cable tramway, now rusting from long disuse, and it finds anchor in a big gray building across the tracks. This is the Specht Mill, now belonging to the tunnel company. The tourist sees nothing so very interesting in all this. The externals of all mines look pretty much alike. But really here is something quite different—on second sight.

The next time the traveler comes this way he will do well to stop off at the little village of Dumont and investigate this enterprise. There is more than one reason why his visit will be repaid. First, because of the size or acreage of the property and the wonderful extent of the vein croppings all over it—the most remarkable showing I have seen in visits to nearly every mining section in the United States; and second, and more interesting still, the already successful application of a most daring and costly conception of tunneling for ore bodies that apex 3,000 feet above the tunnel's portal and extend from one to seven miles beyond, and number nearly nine hundred. After a careful inspection of the Clear Creek and Gilpin estate the traveler, be he either expert or novice, is not unlikely to declare that he has seen the prosecution of a most wonderful piece of mine engineering, and he may own to a belief, as many Colorado people do, that when grown to its fullest development the Clear Creek and Gilpin Company will be the largest producer of gold and silver and copper bullion of any mine in the United States.

In the last seven years I have passed by this property in my periodical trips to Georgetown many times without ever giving it a second thought, and probably would never have stopped at Dumont had I not one day, a year ago, met in Georgetown a man by the name of Specht, a Mr. A. R. Specht, a New York banker and the owner of all the property now comprehended in the tunnel corporation. Specht was a likable man, and in waiting for the down-town train we became acquainted. My wife, Mrs. Rowe, was with me, and at Mr. Specht's invitation we visited, with some misgivings, the property he so enthusiastically described. The exploration paid us well, however. Again, recently, after a year's absence, I have visited the properties of the Clear Creek and Gilpin Mining and Tunnel Company. I am amazed at what has been accomplished here in exchanging old methods for new, and at the probable future results of Mr. Specht's thirteen years of persistent faith in his own judgment and that of his engineers.

But go back a way in the story. The shaft-houses one sees away up on the mountain-side have a dramatic interest if one will climb up to them. The old Albro shaft, now abandoned and choked with débris and full of water, has produced, by smelter records, over a million dollars. The owner, before Mr. Specht came into possession, was of a convivial nature—one of those good fellows of the West who have hosts of friends and a love for the green-baize table. Between the two the quickly-acquired million slipped away with rapid pace. Then a Denver bank took over the Albro mine and its appurtenances, and it finally passed into the present strong hands. Five hundred feet above the Albro shaft are the buildings covering the Eagle shaft. This property has yielded Mr. Specht a quarter of a million dollars, and the most remarkable part of a story of either property is that, in miner's parlance, they have hardly been scratched.

"Gopher holes" have been made on the mountain by a hundred or more leasers, who have mined from the very surface an aggregate of at least a million, and, so far as any one knows, twice or three times this sum. The ground is very rich. A novice could "pan gold" almost anywhere on the surface. Upon the shoulder of Albro mountain, at a point almost perpendicularly above the portal of the tunnel, we

were shown an "open cut" in the Albro vein, from which a half-dozen leasers took \$250,000 in a few months, and they had hardly any machinery. All this leasing has been stopped by the present owners.

This property has been brought into my story, not because it is the only property I have seen in Clear Creek County—really, I have seen and examined many of them, and they all appear to be doing honest mining. But the Clear Creek and Gilpin Company is, to my mind, engaged in a larger and considerably more complicated work than the others, and the nice interworking of all the parts is so markedly due to what is so important in all mining enterprises—a union of both high scientific application of modern mining methods and a clean-cut business administration—that the company may be held up as a model and illustration of the best in mining. The two must go together. Too often they do not. Hence, the Clear Creek and Gilpin Company typifies the better class of tunnel mining in Colorado, which ushers in the third mining epoch, and which, when in full swing, will likely run up the State's output of metal to hitherto undreamed-of figures.

Every one who reads of the wealth quickly made by this or that man by a fortunate investment in the stock of some mine inwardly wishes some such chance would come to him. He sees offered for public subscription the shares of many a mining enterprise. He halts between his desire for gain and his doubts about the prudence of investing in mines; and, finally resolving to "take a flyer" and try it, he buys the stock that is offered to him with the most extravagant promises, and which is probably the most worthless of all. He is, most likely, perfectly unfamiliar with mining, and simply goes it blind. And when the stock proves worthless he wrongly thinks that he has lost money in mines. Not so. He is either the dupe of a conscienceless sharper or the victim of the inexperience of the promoter in mining.

In weighing the probable truth of the representations and deductions made in a mining advertisement or prospectus, the first thing to remember is that with mines, more than anything else, every tub stands on its own bottom. That, proximity to a paying mine does not prove that a prospect will also turn out to be a good payer even if on the same vein. Ore deposits are essentially *localizations* of mineral matter. They may be large or they may be small, but practically they are never uniformly continuous. The great Albro and Eagle veins are strongly marked for a mile across the Clear Creek and Gilpin Company's property. The company knows beyond a peradventure of doubt that they will cut these veins at great depth, for when the drills stopped in the stopes of the upper workings they were in the richest ore bodies, measuring from forty to sixty feet in width and of continuous and sharp inclination.

I have seen vast mining operations on both these veins on other properties over in the mountains of Central City, and again I have seen ores taken from the same veins in the Georgetown section, but between these properties shafts might be sunk and poverty dirt would reward the efforts of the miners. On the other hand, this might not be so, for Clear Creek veins are not nearly so pockey or irregular as those of Nevada or California. Still, I doubt not that with the first payment of dividends from the Specht Company other companies will spring up like magic and offer shares in companies with names like "Clear Creek and Gilpin Extension," or "The Specht Fraction." It is usually this way. And the strange irony of fate wills that sometimes the imitator wins out—compelled to do so by nature in spite of himself.

These are halcyon days for mining investors. Never since the old Virginia City days has the mining industry poured such lavish return into the hands of investors as at the present time. Proof of this is daily printed in the newspapers and in the technical press. The *Mining World*, of Chicago, says, in its issue of November 3d:

"The American metal mining industry is enjoying unprecedented prosperity. Dividends of \$7,193,336 have been paid by 110 companies during the ten months ending with October this year. These properties have yielded in profits to their shareholders since incorporation a grand total of \$516,531,085 on an issued capitalization of \$790,897,237. Thirty-seven, or about one-third, of the properties paying dividends to-day have already returned their capitalization."

Nor is this all the story. There is a moral that follows. The 110 banner companies were at one time prospects; they went into the market for money, and those who furnished it have seen their original investments grow by leaps till the increment is a hundred or a thousand fold. Never in the history of mining was opportunity for the small investor more luminous than now. But bear in mind these 1906 opportunities will be history in 1907. Stocks of desirable mining enterprises don't go begging, and ere the dallying investor gets his second thought the gates have closed upon his wish to enter. A single illustration suffices to show that mining events come off quickly nowadays. Nipissing stock has had a rise of 600 per cent. in three months, and the stock is less than six months old. Clear Creek and Gilpin stock looks cheap now; it may spring up in a night—it *probably will*; and so may a score of other apparently good Colorado stocks.

NOTE.—The writer has concluded arrangements with the Clear Creek and Gilpin Company whereby a full and understandable engineer's report of the work accomplished on their mines and tunnels will be mailed upon request to the underwriters of the stock, Messrs. A. R. Specht & Co., 43 Exchange Place, New York City. As a flood of inquiries will doubtless result, the writer suggests that the request be accompanied by five cents in stamps, and that a mention of this paper be made.



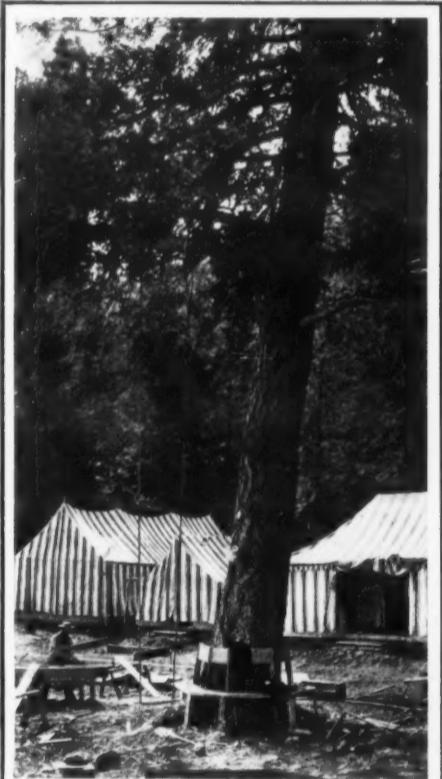
(FIRST PRIZE, \$5.) A WEALTHY MOROCCAN'S ENTERTAINERS—SLAVE GIRLS, AT TANGIER, PLAYING TO AMUSE THEIR MASTER.—*Julia Brewster, Rhode Island.*



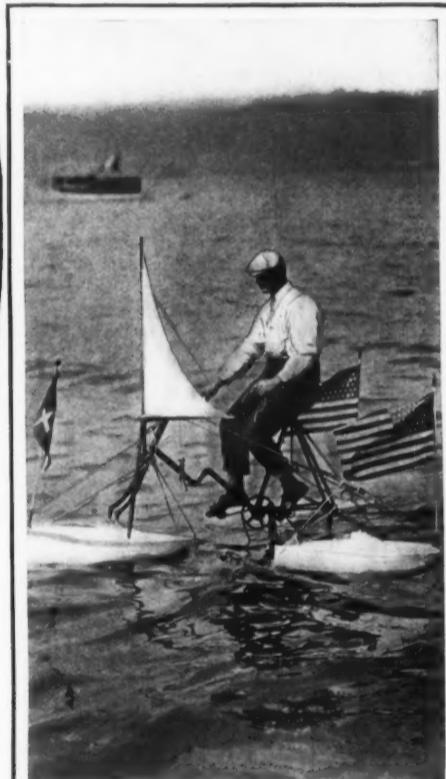
SUCCESSFUL AERIAL VOYAGING—ROY KNABENSHUE IN HIS AIR-SHIP AT THE INTERSTATE FAIR AT TRENTON, N. J.—*Charles W. Kimble, New Jersey.*



CHARACTERISTIC EXPRESSION OF A FOOTBALL PLAYER
MAKING A SUCCESSFUL RUN.
A. B. Phelan, New York.



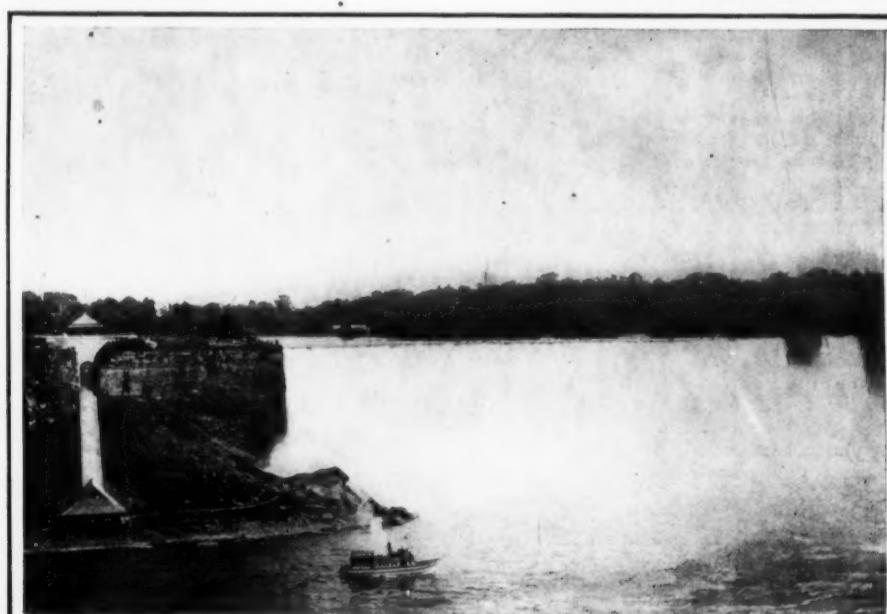
(SECOND PRIZE, \$3.) FORMER CAMP OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AT TOWER CANYON, YELLOWSTONE RIVER.—*Sumner W. Matteson, Minnesota.*



(THIRD PRIZE, \$2.) INVENTOR MITCHELL IN HIS WATER-TRICYCLE SAILING ON THE NORTH RIVER, NEW YORK.—*P. E. Burt, New York.*



STRANGE PERFORMANCE AT A POPULAR CIRCUS—THE "WIRE-WALKING" ELEPHANT.
Max Stamm, Wisconsin.



THE IMPRESSIVENESS OF NIAGARA—VIEW OF THE AMERICAN FALLS FROM THE CANADIAN SIDE.—*W. G. Ritter, New York.*

AMATEUR PHOTO PRIZE CONTEST.

RHODE ISLAND WINS THE FIRST PRIZE, MINNESOTA THE SECOND, AND NEW YORK THE THIRD.

HUNDREDS OF CHILD ACTORS ON THE STAGE

By Harriet Quimby

FEW PEOPLE realize how many children are on the stage and their importance in making successes of this season's theatrical productions. A few years ago only a few children were in the profession, but it now takes hundreds to supply the demand. One of the hits of the popular Montgomery and Stone play, "The Red Mill," is that of a group of children ranging in age from seven to ten years, who furnish the background and chorus business for the prima donna's song. There are six children in "The Little Cherub," six supporting "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," several in "Peter Pan," with Maude Adams, a half-dozen or more in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," one playing an important part with John Drew, in "His House in Order," one also in a "fat" part with Carlotta Nillson, in "The Three of Us," at the Madison Square Theatre, still another with Blanche Walsh, in "The Kreutzer Sonata." "Cape Cod Folks," at the Academy of Music, employs fourteen children, and there was one in George Cohan's play, "Popularity"; and so it goes through the list of both metropolitan and road productions. The majority of these children are under twelve years of age, yet they are earning salaries ranging all the way from six to one hundred dollars a week behind the footlights.

Where these children come from, how they happen to be chosen for such work, their education, recreation, and their lives in general are matters of more than passing interest to theatre-goers. This information is to be enjoyed to the full by the inquisitive person who drops into the children's theatrical exchange, conducted by Mrs. Anna Taliaferro, who has entire charge of the stage children of New York, and to whom managers apply for diminutive actors and actresses when a company is being made up. On the books of Mrs. Taliaferro there are at least a thousand names, representing all colors and a variety of nations, although the native American is in a large majority. Groups of children are always to be found here, and they form an interesting study in human nature.

There are a great many more girls than boys and more dark than fair children. This is not because more dark children apply, but because, according to statistics gathered during twelve years of experience, as a rule they are more clever as actors and seem to have a certain quality which cannot be defined, unless it be called stability, which is not possessed by fair-skinned youngsters. Girls are often preferred by managers to boys for playing boys' parts, because girls of the same age are endowed with a more ready understanding and are more dramatically inclined.

The children, including babies from three years of age up, are sometimes brought to the notice of Mrs. Taliaferro through friends or acquaintances, and sometimes children whose mothers think they would do well before the public come into the exchange to see what chance there is for them. As at all theatrical exchanges, many apply who are so impossible that nothing can be done for them, and their names are not even taken. Mrs. Taliaferro's method of separating the wheat from the chaff is worthy of note. The first step is to make friends with the child. The next is to tell or read a story—rather an exciting story—and to watch the effect on the child's mind. Sometimes the little ones are encouraged to tell of some street or home incident, and they are also given a chance to show what they can do in the way of singing and dancing. But that they should be accomplished in any of these arts is quite unnecessary if they are of the right intelligence and temperament, and are endowed with dramatic instinct. All are subjected to a pretty thorough examination as to temper as well as capabilities, for it would not do to let a case of sulks interfere with the raising of the curtain should a child happen to be in an important scene.

"Some of the prettiest children are as stupid as sticks," said Mrs. Taliaferro, "and they have been so completely spoiled in their homes that they are impossible. That is the great trouble with stage children; they are made fools of by their mothers, and it is not the public life that spoils them, but the incessant pampering and overpraise which they receive at home." In public, and in the agency, especially, the children are noticeably well-behaved and altogether pleasing in their manners, and they are also unusually intelligent. A peculiarity that was so much in evidence that it attracted the attention of the writer was, that the majority of them lisped.

It is an interesting fact that children never suffer from stage-fright. Another item worthy of note is that out of ten boy actors questioned, only two wished to remain in the profession. Law, medicine, and civil engineering seemed to be favorite careers, and Mrs. Taliaferro says that while most of the hundreds of boy actors under her charge are ambitious to play good parts and are apparently happy in their work, very few of them look forward to a life on the stage. With the girls it is different. Every little girl questioned replied that she wished to remain on the stage, but only a few of them had definite ideas as to playing comedy, tragedy, or melodrama. Only one, and that was a curly-haired little Jewess, said that she wanted to play Sarah Bernhardt parts. Another expressed a wish to sing in musical comedy. The others seemed to like being fairies and doing chorus parts. To be sure, those questioned were all under ten years of age, and it cannot be expected that they would have very clear views of the future.

It is not a little amusing to the adult listener to fol-

low the professional terms used by these children, and to note their understanding of comedy, extravaganza, melodrama, etc. It is not at all unusual to find fifteen or twenty little ones in the exchange, and while they are waiting for an interview with Mrs. Taliaferro, they sit about and chat very much after the manner of the grown-ups in other theatrical exchanges not many blocks away. The children just back from the road discuss with laughable gravity the vicissitudes that they have experienced, and the joys and sorrows associated with the tour. Introductions are performed here with much formality. There is always a self-appointed mistress of ceremonies among the girls, who tactfully brings together the little old-timers and the new recruits, and the chattering, with its professional flavor, is quite worth one's attention. The youngsters regale each other with reminiscences of the plays in which they have taken part and the stars they have supported. They even give imitations of the mannerisms of the leading lady, villain, and *ingénue*, and the cleverness they display is remarkable. They often illustrate for the benefit of their fellows the new "business" which they created in certain parts, and which made a hit with the manager or the audience. Little impromptu entertainments are not unusual in this part of the office while the children are waiting to be summoned to the inner sanctuary.

While on the road the mothers of the children accompany them, or a governess is provided by Mrs. Taliaferro, so that their education may go on, at least to some extent. The majority of those receiving salaries to warrant the expense—for few of them are children of well-to-do parents—are given instruction in music, French, and fencing, for a knowledge of these subjects naturally lends value to their services. Little ten-year-old Leonie Powers, who is with John Drew, plays an entire scene in French.

One of the cleverest boy actors on the stage, and the highest salaried, is little Richard Storey, who is with Blanche Walsh in "The Kreutzer Sonata." Richard, a bright-faced little chap of eleven years, made his first stage appearance six years ago, and he has been pretty steadily employed ever since. He is one of the very few children capable of playing character parts. Under E. A. Braden's management, a play requiring a small Jewish lad was staged. The rôle called for considerable action, several long speeches and a good deal of all-around ability. Several children were tried in the part, but with little success, until "Dick" Storey was given a chance at it. He "made good," and, although the play was a failure, the character drawing of the small Dick placed him at the head of the list of boy actors.

Another clever little fellow, now playing an important part in "The Three of Us," at the Madison Square Theatre, is George Clark. Master Clark has also had six years' experience, both metropolitan and on the road. He has played many important child parts, such as the child in Sir Arthur May's "Rosedale," "The

Was Looking for Trouble and Got It.

A elderly maiden with money laid by
Considered her lot sad and dreary,
And married a man who was fond of a glass,
But in less than a year she was weary.
He gambled and swore, and was shiftless and lazy,
He flirted with others until she was crazy,
His notions of work were decidedly hazy—
She was looking for trouble and got it.

A YOUTH who inherited millions of gold
Fell in love with a sylph of the chorus,
And borrowed her slipper to drink his champagne,
In the style of the Russian Duke Boris.
She sued him and published a ream of his letters,
And he gave her the cash that was earned by his betters
To buy his escape from hymeneal fetters—
He was looking for trouble and got it

A WOMAN was blessed with a comfortable home,
But delighted her substance to squander;
The way that she scattered the dollars and dimes
For extravagant fads was a wonder.
Now meekly in charity's garments she dresses,
No longer a roof of her own she possesses,
And worry and labor have whitened her tresses—
She was looking for trouble and got it.

T HE man who awoke in a fault-finding mood,
And arose with a chip on his shoulder,
When carried to bed with a crack in his head
Felt centuries wiser and older.
For he happened to meet with a very hard hitter
Who taught him a lesson, much-needed and bitter,
And so he was taken away on a litter—
He was looking for trouble and got it.

T HE giddy old sinner when summoned at last
From his club to cross over the Jordan,
Must account for the days he has frittered away,
To Saint Peter, the heavenly warden.
And when he is ordered below to be basted,
And roasted, and broiled, for the life he has wasted,
He'll say, when a goblet of sulphur he's tasted,
"I was looking for trouble and got it!"

MINNA IRVING.

Danites," and David, in "David Copperfield." Richard Storey hopes to leave the stage and take up the study of civil engineering. Master Clark also wishes to follow another profession, but he has not yet chosen between law and medicine.

Other children deserving of mention for their acting in plays seen during the last season are Walter Robinson and Martha McGraw, the two children who learn to fly in "Peter Pan," and little Helen Pullman and Edith Speare, with "The Prince Chap."

The highest salaried girl on the stage is little fourteen-year-old Edith Taliaferro, who is now playing the long and difficult part of Lovy Mary in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." The girls, as a rule, draw better salaries than the boys, unless the latter are exceptionally clever. Managers from all parts of the country send to New York for children to take part in stock or road companies. All stage children can dance, and many of them can sing.

"How many children do I see a day?" repeated Mrs. Taliaferro. "Oh, about a hundred, on an average. It is no easy task to talk to each one and to find out his or her capabilities and limitations, but I enjoy it. I never have any trouble with the children, but the mothers are sometimes hard to handle. It is human nature to regard one's own goose as a swan, but this maternal instinct or tendency gives me lots of trouble."

The Gerry society does not allow children under seven years to play in New York, and children may not dance on the stage until they are sixteen. Surprise being expressed at this statement, it was laughingly explained that they were not allowed to dance, but it has been decreed by the courts that they may skip; so, after all, the hardship is not so great for theatrical managers as it might be.

Insanity Is Increasing.

THE UNITED STATES spends annually, in State and other public hospitals for the insane, \$21,329,228.41. These institutions had, according to the census returns up to December 31st, 1903, 150,151 inmates. That is to say, out of every 100,000 of population, a slightly larger proportion than 186 persons are insane and under treatment in public asylums. These figures do not include the feeble-minded, of whom there were 16,946 in 1904, also in public institutions. While the compiler of these statistics, John Koren, expert special agent of the census bureau, is careful not to make his inferences too sweeping, owing to the various elements which enter into the apparent proportional increase in the number of insane, he declares that the returns since 1880 permit but one conclusion, namely, that the rate of increase (16.2 per 100,000 from 1890 to 1903) is greater for the insane in the United States than it is for the general population. The latest available statistics of most countries outside of the United States point to a similar state of affairs. The countries having the largest proportional insane population (in hospitals) are: Ireland, 490.9 per 100,000; Scotland, 363.7; England and Wales, 340.1; Canada, 238.6; Switzerland, 224.2; Germany, 191.6; France, 177.5; Netherlands, 167.5. So that, apparently, in spite of the American rush and worry of which our Old World friends are so given to talking, we are not yet quite so crazy as some of them.

A Saloonless Pioneer Community.

THE PIONEER towns in the Imperial Valley in lower California have several unique features besides that of being considerably below the level of the sea. One of these is the depth of the soil, all alluvial, which is said to be not less than seven hundred feet, and another is the fact that there is not a saloon nor a gambling place in the whole valley with its present population of ten thousand. This happy condition is owing primarily to the fact that when the valley was opened for settlement, about six years ago, the original owners of the land ran a clause in all their deeds forbidding the manufacture and sale of liquor on any and all property sold. Thus a prohibitory law of the most iron-clad kind has been fastened on the country. The natural result has been that the valley has been remarkably free from the evil elements that too often dominate frontier communities, and crime of all kinds, and especially crimes of violence, have been exceedingly rare. On the other hand, the condition named has attracted a temperate, thrifty, and progressive class of settlers who have placed emphasis upon the building up of schools, churches, and industrial establishments rather than upon agencies of evil.

Brainy Men

TAKE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

IT supplies just the material that is most wasted by brain-work and nervous exertion—the Phosphates.

For the Nursery—For the Table.

WHETHER as an ideal food for infants or for general household use, Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has no equal; of no other food product can this be truthfully said.



THE PLAYFELLOWS IN "MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH."—Stanford.



FISHER LADS AND LASSIES BREW IN "CAPE COD FOLKS."—Marcau.

"JUST IN FROM THE ROAD"—GEORGIE CLARK AND "DICK" STOREY,
TWO OF THE BEST-KNOWN CHILD ACTORS."DICK" STOREY, THE HIGHEST-SALARIED
BOY OF HIS AGE IN THE PROFESSION.
Hallen Studios.IN THE CHILDREN'S THEATRICAL EXCHANGE—WAITING
FOR AN ENGAGEMENT.

THE CHILDREN'S BALLET IN "THE LITTLE CHERUB."—Hall.



SCENE FROM "HOUSE IN ORDER," IN WHICH TEN-YEAR-OLD LEONIE POWERS HAS THE CENTRE OF THE STAGE.



"DICK" STOREY IN ONE OF HIS CHARACTER PARTS.

SMART CHILDREN OF THE FOOTLIGHTS.

SOME OF THE BRILLIANT JUVENILE ACTORS WHO ARE AMUSING NEW YORK THEATRE-GOERS THIS SEASON.
See opposite page.



On the Day of the Moth

'S WEEKLY



Drawn for LESLIE'S WEEKLY by James Montgomery Flagg.—Copyright, 1906, by Judge Company.

the Mothers' Convention.

Remarkable and Historic Bridges of London

By Eleanor Franklin, Special Correspondent for Leslie's Weekly

LONDON, ENGLAND, October 30th, 1906.

ON THE COVER of a recent number of LESLIE'S WEEKLY there was depicted a marvelous scene. It was a balloon's-eye view of a dreamer's dream of what New York is to be in the future. It was not an extravagant dream, because there was just the little crowded island with its closely-packed, familiar "skyscrapers," and the two majestic rivers dividing it from shores almost as overburdened as itself. But a second glance revealed new features in the picture. There were vast numbers of tall buildings, as yet un-planned, all up and down the whole length of Manhattan and on the shores of New Jersey and Long Island, but there was nothing particularly prophetic or bold about that. But from the Brooklyn Bridge or North River ferry-boats, who but the most hopeful of us has ever been able to picture crowded Manhattan joined by a hundred bridges to the shores of New Jersey, New York, and Long Island? Perhaps an occasional optimistic dweller in the eastern suburbs has at times found comfort in such a vision, as he yielded his battered body to the frightful crush on Brooklyn Bridge at the Long Island homing hour, but he must have been, indeed, optimistic to entertain a thought of its "coming true" in his day and generation. The bridges are the feature of the picture of the future New York on the cover of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, and this is why the picture set me to thinking about bridges.

From where I sit now there are four of them across the River Thames directly in my line of vision, and since I sit here often and long, gazing down that same line of vision, it is not to be wondered at that I should have finally become conscious of them. And this consciousness brings with it a vivid realization of the various and multiple differences between the Thames and the two greater rivers that bound our own metropolis. Mr. Pettit's picture of the sometime New York does more than contrast conditions of accommodation on our rivers; it likewise contrasts national characteristics and national possibilities. There is a lifting lightness about old Brooklyn Bridge, the new bridge, and all American dreams of bridges across the all too broad and too deep rivers on either side of Manhattan, that was never expressed in any of the bridges across the Thames. These have, without exception, the solidity and massiveness which characterize everything British. Somebody, with an accurate wit, has made Boston known the world over as "not a city, but a state of mind," and I should like to borrow a plume from this witticism's spreading tail-feathers and say that England is a mental attitude which can never be mistaken for something it is not. And in nothing does this mental attitude more Britishly express itself than in the numerous dignified bridges spanning the "Father of Waters."

Our artist's contrast of American and English possibilities can be best understood by a moment's contemplation of the glorious, flying lines of old Brooklyn Bridge, which seems to have leaped of its own accord across the chasm it spans, and to keep its place in air by "the sole act of its unlorded will." This was written of an eagle, so it is a most appropriate quotation. At first thought there seems to be an unnecessary number of bridges across the Thames. I don't know how many there are within the boundaries of this much-divided, though closely-packed, city that is called London; but I do know that from Battersea Bridge to Tower Bridge is only a little more than five miles, and that between Battersea Bridge and Tower Bridge there are nine other bridges which, spanning the river in the densest districts of the great city, have the appearance of being only a stone's throw from one another. This is the impression one receives from the picture of the sometime New York, too, but I notice that from the Battery to the Harlem River the artist has builded only six bridges altogether across the river which separates New York from what is to be in actuality its greater self on the shores east of it. And from the Battery to the Harlem River is something like thirteen miles, isn't it? One of the things most noticeable about the Thames bridges is that none of them ever appears to be crowded. We read startling statistics about the number of vehicles and the number of foot passengers that daily cross old London Bridge of hoary memories; but Brooklyn Bridge on a quiet afternoon is busier than London Bridge at its busiest; yet London Bridge to-day, as always, is the busiest bridge in London.

The bridge directly in front of me is Battersea Bridge, across which I behold, with shuddering thankfulness that I do not dwell in it, the most beflatted and besmokestacked district in the British metropolis, the borough of Battersea. Battersea has seen better days, as a matter of fact, and once upon a time gave promise of being able to hold its head up in the world; witness the few fine mansions and pretentious institutions which manage to lend a certain dignity to even its squalor and hopelessness. But it became overweighted with the poverty-stricken and shiftless, so only smokestacks and tenements grew where better things were expected. Chelsea has had better luck, so far, but Chelsea is a village of proud associations. Chelsea is hallowed ground upon which smokestacks can hardly hope to multiply. On this side of the river is Chelsea—old Chelsea of great memories and greater dreams—old Chelsea that has nursed to eminence, or harbored for a time, more artists and poets, more high

thinkers and splendid visionaries, than any other single district, perhaps, in all the world. On the very spot where my desk stands, in this little balcony, where I spend hours gazing down the many-bridged Thames and dreaming my own little dreams, our Whistler looked his last upon the world. A stone's throw farther up is the house whence Turner saw the glories of river and sky that none other but he could ever transfer to fadeless canvas. A few doors down on the other side Rossetti lived; and a couple of doors beyond George Eliot died. The Kingsleys lived and loved the world in a little house just around the corner, while in a plain, unpretentious dwelling, a minute's walk up a narrow street, Carlyle lived all his wonderful work-life, and had for near neighbor Leigh Hunt, whose badly managed and always untidy *ménage*, in Upper Cheyne Row, gave careful, housewife-like Mrs. Carlyle so much to worry and talk about. And in quaint, old-timey houses all over Chelsea live many of the well-known workers of to-day, who, through love of such associations, find more happiness here in inconvenience than they probably could in any more modern but less interesting part of London.

Three bridges separate Chelsea from Battersea, but none of them is old enough to have acquired any special dignity, though one of them, the Battersea, is successor to the quaint old wooden structure of eighteenth-century fame immortalized on Whistler's canvas that has found an obscure corner in the National Gallery of British Art, an institution which looks upon the river a bridge or so farther down. The Albert Bridge, a commonplace, nineteenth-century structure of the semi-suspension order, comes next, and keeps close company with the Chelsea suspension bridge, built in the early 'fifties by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, for some reason best known to themselves, and purchased in 1879 by the Metropolitan Board of Works, a very busy body which has come in time to own for the public benefit all the erstwhile toll-collecting bridges across the Thames. Vauxhall Bridge, the next in order, has really a dignified record, covering nearly a hundred years of usefulness. It was begun in 1811, and since it is situated at a point where there has always been much loading and unloading of barges on the river, it paid its builders large returns in tolls until the Metropolitan Board of Works redeemed it in memorable '79 and opened it to the public.

Vauxhall is adjacent to historical Lambeth, made memorable by the triumphs and sufferings of the Archbishops of Canterbury and all their courtly train. Lambeth Bridge is before us. It, too, is new, like its fellows up-stream, but it throws its shadow upon a spot that has reflected some of the most dramatic scenes ever enacted, even upon the River Thames, whose deeps are so full of gigantic secrets. The old Lambeth Bridge was not a bridge at all, although the mere landing-place was always so called. Lambeth is now disfigured by the marks of many great modern industries; and smoke-stacks are the most conspicuous feature in its panorama. The water front has no longer a picturesque landing stage below overhanging palace gardens which reflect themselves in the comings and goings of the restless, tidal river. There is only the plain, sensible, expensive looking and solid British Embankment, which defies the imagination in its straight, unyielding lines. But, just the same, one can rest oars in the shadow of Lambeth Bridge and conjure up such pictures as can never be seen in reality upon the earth again. We find in Fox's "Martyrology" that the King, Henry VIII., "finding occasion to solace himself upon the Thames, came with his barge furnished with his musitions along by Lambeth Bridge toward Chelsey. The noise of the musitions provoked the Archbishop (Cranmer) to resort to the bridge to do his duty, and to salute his prince. Whome when the Kinge had perceived to stand at the bridge, eftsoons he commanded the watermen to draw toward the shore, and so came straight to the bridge. 'Ah, my Chaplaine,' said the Kinge to the Archbishop, 'come into the barge with me.' " And here, after Henry VIII. had crossed a darker river, came Elizabeth in the gayest and grandest state barge that had ever floated upon the Thames, followed by such a be-decorated procession of courtiers as never fawned upon a monarch of England before or since. And here, too, came this same Elizabeth stretched upon her funeral barge, inspiring her poets to measured verses upon, perhaps, the most grandly solemn and dramatic scene the River Thames has ever witnessed:

"The Queen did come by water to Whitehall
The oars at every stroke did teares let fall."

The modern bridge was built as recently as 1862, which seems a pity, considering the associations and memories connected with its name, and it was made toll free by the Metropolitan Board of Works, with all the others, in 1879. And now I'm afraid I may not pause at Westminster Bridge at all, for fear that I'll stay there, lost to all idea of progress in the contemplation of one of the grandest pictures in the wide world—the reflection of the British House of Parliament in the full tide of the river upon which it seems to float. Fox, in his "Martyrology," goes on to say that Ralph Morice, Archbishop Cranmer's secretary, "went over (from Lambeth) unto Westminster Bridge with a sculler, where he entered into a wherry that went to London, wherein were four of the Gard, who

meant to land at Paules Wharfe, and to pass by the King's Highnesse, who was then in his barge, with a great number of barges and boates about him, then baiting of bears in the water over against the bank."

There is a picture for you. But, like Lambeth Bridge, Westminster Bridge was no bridge at all, but only a landing-place; a landing-place destined, however, to support a bridge long before Lambeth should enjoy that dignity. Westminster Bridge was, in fact, the second stone bridge ever thrown across the Thames, London Bridge being the first, and it was opened to traffic in 1750. Judged by British standards of time, this doesn't seem so long ago, but it suffices to make us realize how young we are. The bridge was afterward surmounted by a lofty parapet, because it became such a frequent place of suicide. I wonder how any Englishman could look upon the glories of old Westminster and choose at once to die. It seems to me I should go farther up and turn my eyes upon the squalor of Battersea, or farther down, where the odors and sights of Billingsgate would give me some immediate reason for seeking oblivion. But at Westminster! No; it is no place for hopelessness. It was on this bridge, which was not strong enough to stand against both time and tide, that Wordsworth exclaimed:

Earth has nothing to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty."

Before the old bridge was finally abandoned as hopeless it had cost London something like a million dollars in repairs, while the beautiful new bridge, with its great granite piers and its seven graceful, segmental wrought- and cast-iron arches cost only a quarter of a million more. This was opened, with great ceremony, at four o'clock in the morning of May 24th, 1862, the anniversary of the birth hour of Queen Victoria, and with its surroundings it is to-day by far the finest sight in all London.

Waterloo Bridge, the next in order down the Thames, is called "the noblest stone bridge in the world," and not by English writers only. It was built by John Rennie, a farmer's son of East Lothian, who lies now beside Sir Christopher Wren, England's greatest architect, in the crypt of his greatest monument, St. Paul's Cathedral. It was originally called the Strand Bridge, but as it was under process of construction from 1811 until 1817 it was re-named Waterloo, and so christened by the Prince Regent on the second anniversary of the great battle. As a commercial speculation it must have broken a few hearts, for we read in Sir John Rennie's autobiography that, "The total cost of the bridge was £565,000. The approaches, beside the land and buildings, cost a further sum of £112,000; so that the total cost of the bridge and approaches was £677,000, and the land and buildings and contingencies £373,000, making a total of £1,050,000." And yet the Metropolitan Board of Works in 1877 purchased the bridge and all the bridge company's rights for £475,000.

I shall simply have to glide under Blackfriars and Southwark bridges, else I'll never get to London Bridge and the Tower. Blackfriars Bridge was built by Robert Mylne, who also lies in the crypt of St. Paul's, keeping John Rennie noble company. In all the accounts that I can find there seems to be some doubt about his business methods. In one authority, for instance, I read that "the entire cost of Blackfriars was about £300,000, of which little more than half was spent on constructing the bridge." This may mean that the other half went to the purchase of rights of way and river-side property and other incidentals, but writers should be careful how they handle such statements. It sounds as if Robert Mylne had enriched himself by modern methods, although he lived in what we like to consider more honest days—in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The cost of Blackfriars was rather a contrast to that of John Rennie's bridges on either side of it. We have already gazed with awe upon the five-and-a-quarter-million-dollar structure at Waterloo, and now, passing under modest Blackfriars, we come to the Southwark Bridge, also the work of John Rennie, which has much to do to look worth half the four million dollars that it cost. But Rennie's bridges seem to have one great advantage. While Blackfriars lasted only a few years, costing half a million dollars in repairs, and having finally to be abandoned altogether and replaced by a new one, Waterloo and Southwark seem never to lose a particle of their granite solidity.

But at last we are at London Bridge. Whenever I see or hear of London Bridge I always begin to sing in my mind the old play-rhyme of childhood :

"London Bridge is falling down,
Falling down, falling down,
London Bridge is falling down,
So early in the morning!"

I should like to go on now, but I find I have no space to do any sort of justice to London Bridge, so I shall pause here with the Tower and Tower Bridge before me, and all the great memories of this oldest spot in England jumbling together in my mind.

NOTHING like Abbott's Angostura Bitters for that tired feeling." Best for all seasons.



LONDON, AS SEEN FROM TOWER BRIDGE—LONDON BRIDGE IN FOREGROUND, AND SOUTHWARK AND BLACKFRIARS BRIDGES BEYOND.



BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE, WITH THE DOME OF ST. PAUL'S IN THE DISTANCE—THE BEST VIEW OF THIS EDIFICE IN THE CITY.



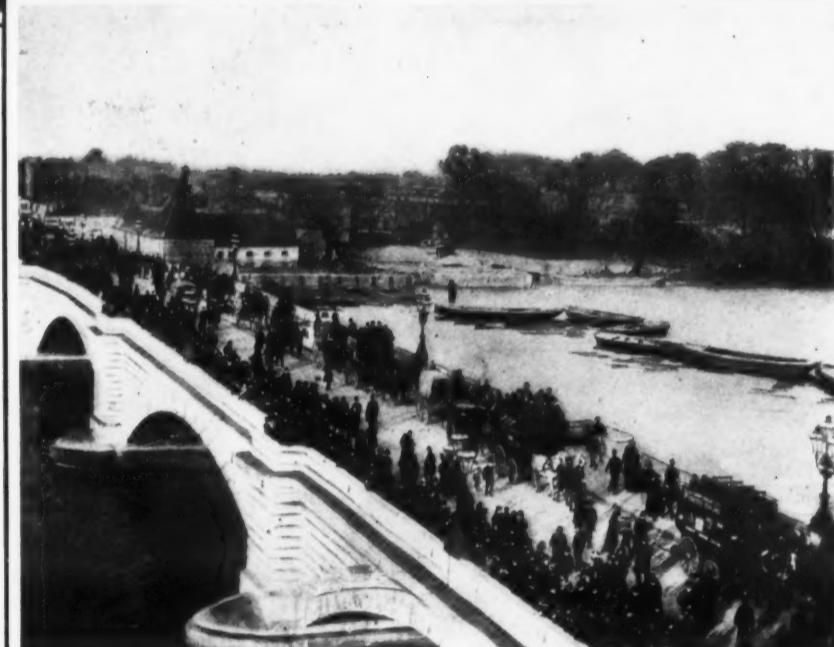
THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT, AND THE WATERLOO BRIDGE.



SOUTHWARK BRIDGE, WITH ANOTHER VIEW OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.



BRONZE SPHINX GUARDING THE OBE-LISK ON THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT.



THE NEW PUTNEY BRIDGE CROWDED WITH PEOPLE ON A BOAT-RACE DAY.



EGYPTIAN OBELISK ON THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT NEAR THE THAMES.



ONE OF LONDON'S OLD WOODEN BRIDGES (PUTNEY) BEING REPLACED BY A STONE STRUCTURE.



WESTMINSTER BRIDGE AND THE IMPOSING AND FAMOUS BRITISH PARLIAMENT BUILDING.

FAMOUS BRIDGES OF THE BRITISH METROPOLIS.

MASSIVE AND COSTLY STRUCTURES WHICH SPAN THE THAMES, AT LONDON, AND GLIMPSES OF SOME HISTORIC EDIFICES.—*Photographs from Eleanor Franklin. See opposite page.*



THRIFT

By Orison Swett Marden



I KNOW a man in New York who is carrying an advertising sign-board on his back to-day who was once a wholesale merchant in New York. He did not come to his present condition through dissipation, but through the vicissitudes of business. Conditions which he could not control put him completely out of business, wiped out his profits, and, trying to recoup himself, with no available capital, he became bankrupt, lost his courage and his grip, and was never able to get a start again.

In nearly all our great business houses we see, working as clerks, book-keepers, superintendents, floor-walkers, or heads of departments, men of fine ability who were once in business for themselves, but who lost everything through reverses, and were obliged to start again just as they did when they were young men.

There are multitudes of such cases where prosperous houses have gone down—sometimes in a single year—by the complete reversal of business conditions, by the competition of great combinations they were unable to cope with. A change in the tide of business will also often ruin a business location.

Even if there are no worse losses, it is so easy to form entangling obligations. Thousands of even the finest young men thus cramp their ability and keep themselves back for years.

BANKING TOO MUCH ON ABILITY,
HEALTH, LONG LIFE, ETC.

The fact is that most young men take too great chances upon their lives, their health, and their ability to earn or to make money.

Some of the brightest and best young men I have ever known, shrewd, clean-cut, college-educated, worked like heroes for a quarter of a century without getting anywhere. Some of them have become involved in debt by conditions over which they had no control; others have had serious illness in their families; accidents, emergencies of all sorts have arisen which have modified their whole life plans, and they are to-day financially no better off than when they left college.

No one is bright enough, or shrewd enough, or able enough, or far-sighted enough to provide against all possible adverse conditions. Conditions of prosperity in business are so precarious and dependent upon so many fortuitous circumstances that it is never safe to leave a family entirely dependent upon them. It is wise, therefore, to have something that is practically certain, so that, come what may, at least the family's well-being will not suffer.

There ought to be some foundation-stone that commercial floods, panics, and disasters cannot wash away.

The shrewd, far-sighted business man provides for possible business reverses, and usually puts away in government bonds, in life insurance, or in some other reliable investment money enough to take care of those dependent upon him, or to enable him to start again in case of financial disaster. I believe that every young man should religiously resolve at the

very outset of his career to lay aside a certain amount of his income regularly, until he has placed those dependent upon him absolutely beyond want, never allowing himself to be tempted to use this fund for any other purpose.

INDUCING THE HABIT OF SAVING.

Anything which will encourage the habit of saving in this extravagant age is a blessing. The temptations on every hand are so alluring that it is very difficult for a young man of ordinary self-control to resist them and to save his money.

get it, provided some stronger desire does not overcome the inclination; but they feel that they *must* pay their insurance premium.

Then again, money obtainable just by signing the name is so easily withdrawn for spending in all sorts of ways. This is one reason why I often recommend life-insurance to young people as a means of saving. It has been of untold value as an object-lesson of the tremendous possibilities in acquiring the saving habit.

I believe that life-insurance is doing more to induce the habit of saving than almost anything else. When a young man on a salary or a definite income takes out

an insurance policy he has a definite aim. He has made up his mind positively to save so much money every year from his income to pay his premium. Then it is easier for him to say "No" to the hundred-and-one alluring temptations to spend his money for this and that. He can say "No" then with emphasis, because he knows he must keep up his insurance.

The snap ought to be in the horse, but if it is not, we must put it in with the whip. Most people do not have iron enough in their blood to make them do the thing that is best for them.

POWER IN DEFINITE PURPOSE

I have known of young men who did not seem to have any special ambition, who always took things easily, who had no apparent system or order in their lives, to be entirely revolutionized by taking out an insurance policy.

THRIFT AS A LIFE-PRESERVER

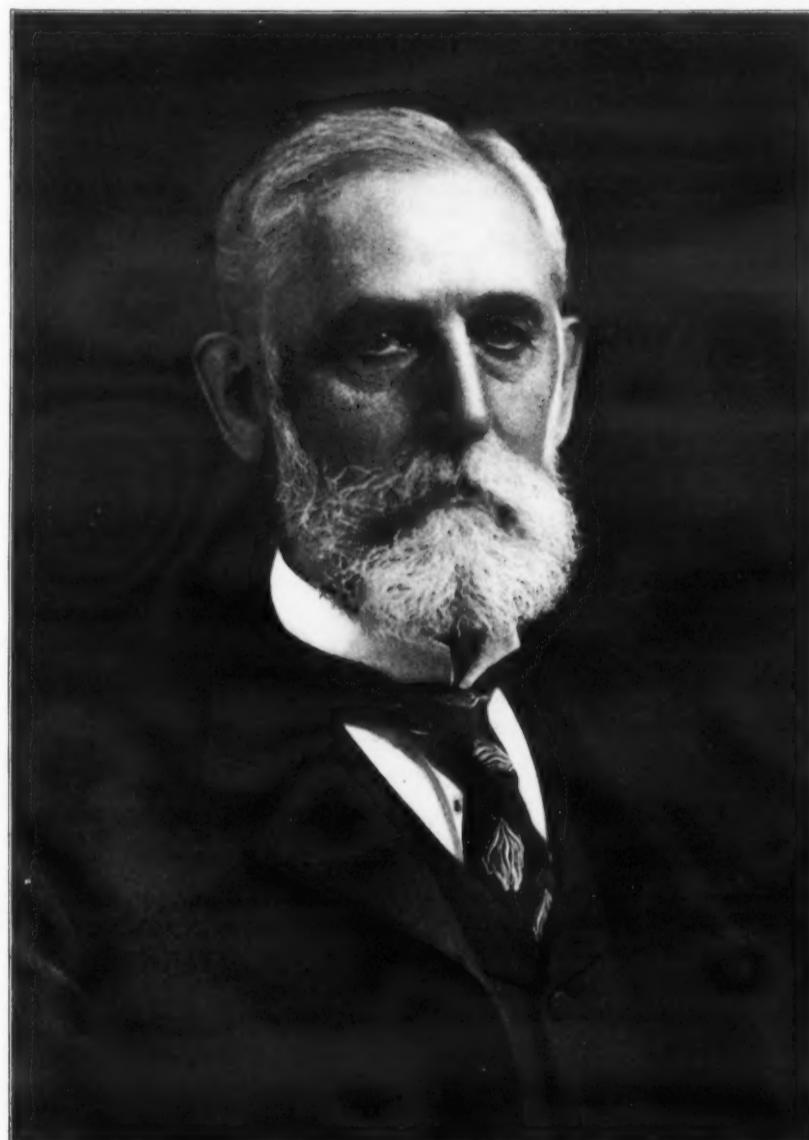
"I have often been asked," says Sir Thomas Lipton, "to define the true secret of success. It is thrift in all its phases, and especially thrift as applied to saving. Saving is the first great principle of all success. It creates independence, it gives a young man standing, fills him with vigor, it stimulates him with the proper energy; in fact, it brings to him the best part of any success—happiness and contentment."

Thrift is not only one of the foundation stones of a fortune, but also one of character. The habit of thrift improves the quality of the character.

The saving of money usually means the saving of a man. It means cutting off indulgences or avoiding vicious habits. It often means health in the place of dissipation. It means a clear instead of a cloudy and muddy brain.

The moment a young man begins to save systematically, he becomes a larger man. He takes broader views of life. He begins to have a better opinion of himself. Trust takes the place of doubt. He may have thought before that he might succeed, but his savings are the actual demonstration that he has not only the ability to earn, but also to keep his money, and it takes greater wisdom to hold on to money than to make it.

An insurance policy has often changed the habits of an entire family from thriftlessness and spendthrift tendencies to thrift and order. The very fact that a



UNITED STATES SENATOR JOHN F. DRYDEN,
President The Prudential Insurance Company of America.

Thousands of young men who are receiving good salaries—some of them very large—never think of laying up a dollar. They never see anything in their salaries but "a good time," and they never develop the habit of saving. You ask them how they are doing, and they will say, "Oh, just getting along," "just making a living," "just holding my own."

Just making a bare living is not getting on. The little difference between what you earn and what you spend is power. It often measures the distance between success and failure.

In many minds the economy faculties are not developed, or are so weak that they are no match for the passion of spending for pleasure.

I am a great believer in the efficiency of savings-banks as character builders; but life insurance has some greater advantages, especially in furnishing that imperious "must," that spur of necessity so important as a motive to most people.

People can put money into savings-banks when they

certain amount must be saved from the income every week, or every month, or every year, has often developed the faculty of prudence and economy of the entire household. Everybody is cautioned to be careful because the premium must be paid. And oftentimes it is the first sign of a programme or order system in the home.

The consciousness of a sacred obligation to make payments on that which means protection for those dear to you often shuts out a great deal of foolishness, and cuts out a lot of temptation to spend money for self-gratification and to cater to one's weak tendencies.

The life-insurance policy has thus proved to be a character insurance as well, an insurance against silly expenditures, an insurance against one's own vicious, weak tendencies, a real protection against one's self, one's only real enemy.

PROTECTING OURSELVES AGAINST OUR OWN WEAKNESSES.

He is a shrewd and level-headed youth who, at the very outset of his career, makes an inventory of his qualities and capabilities and carefully guards his weak point. He is a wise man who learns to eliminate his great weaknesses. Many a man comes to grief because he never learned to do this.

Men of mediocre ability often succeed much better than geniuses because they guard their weak points better. They guard against possible disaster from their own defects, just as a person with some physical defect, by watchful care, often keeps in better health than naturally stronger people who are constantly prodigal of their strength.

If you have the reputation or the consciousness of being slipshod and unbusinesslike, eliminate as much as possible these traits which prejudice others, especially sound business men, against you. Do not go on letting your little weaknesses ruin or seriously impair all your good qualities.

I know of nothing which will cover up more blemishes, put out of sight more business weaknesses, cover up more surely the lack of foresight and thrift than a good life-insurance policy. It has proven a friend to thousands who have not been friends to themselves. It has shielded thousands of families who would have been homeless without it; it has sent to college multitudes of boys and girls who but for it would not have gone; it has started thousands of young men in business who but for it either would not have started at all, or would have delayed for years. It has lifted the mortgage from thousands of homes. "Primarily devised," says Senator Dryden, president of the Prudential Insurance Company of America, "for the support of widows and orphans, life-insurance practice has been developed so as to include the secure investment of surplus earnings in conjunction with the insurance of a sum payable at death."

LACK OF BUSINESS SAGACITY.

The very consciousness that you have performed a

great and sacred duty to those you love by protecting them against even your own weaknesses and inclinations will be a great stimulus and give you great satisfaction and will make you a larger and better man.

I know men who were induced to take out life-insurance policies, and who have managed to accumulate considerable property in this way, and have gained the respect of everybody who knows them, because the possession of a good life-insurance policy indicates good business qualities.

A great many men who know they have ability in their specialties know also, from sad experience, that their business judgment is not always good, or to be relied upon. Their investments do not turn out well. Many vocations never develop the practical faculties.

I have known splendid clergymen and large-hearted professors to draw their last dollar out of the bank, to mortgage their homes even, and invest their little all in some wild-cat scheme, because of the story of some smooth, oily promoter, thus hazarding, and often wrecking, all their future prospects just because of this weakness of which they were conscious, but against which they neglected to protect themselves.

EVEN BUSINESS MEN GULLIBLE.

But it is not alone men out of business life that have this susceptibility of being gulled.

There are some business men who seem unable to resist any temptations held out to double or treble their money in some sort of speculation.

The desire to make money quickly is a weakness even of the strongest minds. A man will listen to a scheme to make quickly a great deal of money out of very little when he cannot be approached for anything else.

Many good people have worked hard all their lives and reached middle age without a home and without any prospects of ever getting one with no money laid up for sickness or emergency, or for their declining years, just because they took too great a risk with their little savings, which have gone into holes in the ground, into worthless oil wells and mines, useless patents, and all sorts of devices and schemes, thus vainly squandering money which would have given them comfortable homes and well-earned leisure for their old age had they put it into something which was sure.

Life-insurance is a splendid way for them to provide against their weaknesses—defective judgment, or lack of business ability. By it they can protect themselves and those dependent upon them by putting aside a definite amount from their salaries or income where it will be absolutely safe no matter what may happen.

Life-insurance policies would have saved many of the men mentioned above from disaster, for they would have enabled them to get on their feet again by loans

or by the proceeds of cashed-in policies accumulated during the time of their prosperity.

Life-insurance taken at an early age is an untold blessing to the man who fails late in life, when the fires of his ambition have begun to cool down, when his staying power has begun to wane, when he has no longer his former courage or strength to face the hardships of life all over again.

I knew a young man who took out a twenty-year endowment policy; he was poor, and had to make great sacrifices to meet his payments for many years; but he managed to keep them up. He finally became rich, but lost everything in the world except this policy, and this enabled him to start again after he had reached an age when it would have been practically impossible for him to have gotten on his feet but for this policy. Forcing himself to make these payments when he was poor, when it was a real sacrifice to do so, saved him from poverty in his old age.

ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

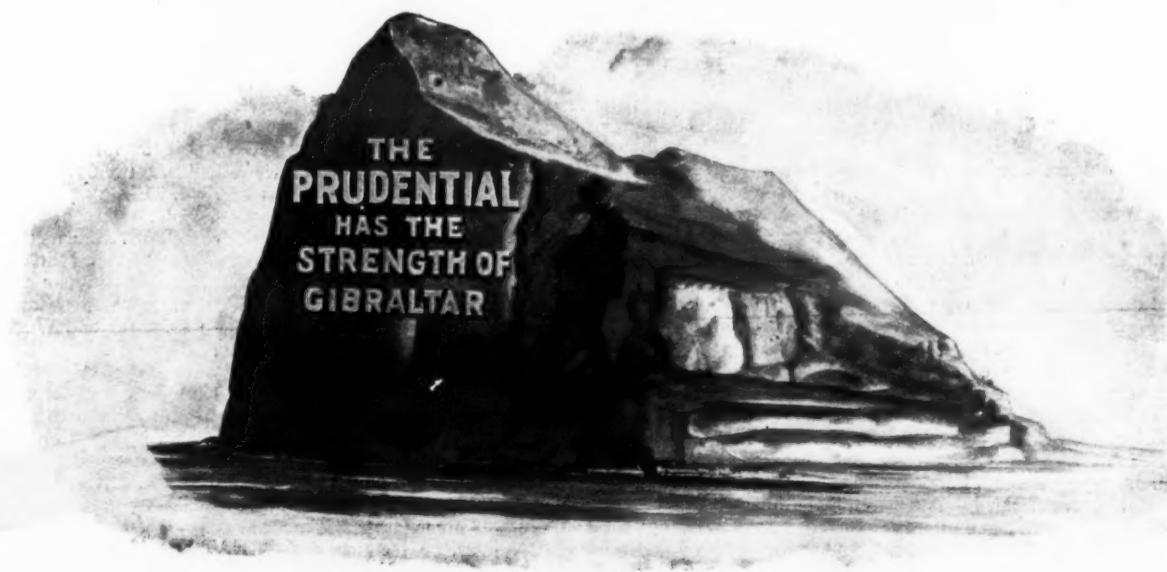
* * * * *

The policies of Life-Insurance issued by The Prudential Insurance Company of America, of Newark, N. J., of which United States Senator John F. Dryden is the founder, president and leading spirit, are especially designed and adapted to just the purposes of saving for young men to which this article has been directed. Founded upon the bedrock principles of sound finance and conducted with an eye to the true and enduring interests of its policy-holders, no young man will make any mistake in associating his insurance experience with this great company. The various forms of policies which this company issues provide a young man not only with an opportunity of saving his money, with liberal returns as well, but enable him at the same time to protect his family or business interests or to provide a fund which may be used for the maintenance or education of his children.

As The Prudential has paid over nine hundred thousand claims, in most instances to families where the insurance policy was the only asset at death, the enormous amount of good done by The Prudential can be appreciated.

One of the most comprehensive definitions of Life-Insurance ever given comes from Senator Dryden, who says: "Life-Insurance is a wonderful business; a business with a noble history; a business with a lofty aim; a business with a magnificent purpose; a business with splendid results." The reader should be impressed with the every-day necessity for Life-Insurance and the importance of immediate action on the part of those who are not insured. The Prudential is desirous of entering into correspondence with any person interested in Life-Insurance, but no effort will be made to get a policy-holder at present insured in another company to drop his policy in favor of The Prudential. The Prudential wishes to show the uninsured how they can help themselves and their families through Life-Insurance in The Prudential.

THE
PRUDENTIAL
HAS THE
STRENGTH OF
GIBRALTAR



Eloquent and Stinging Arraignment of "The Business of Hypocrisy"

By the Honorable Frank S. Black, ex-Governor of New York

THE CRY of reform, which has always been a favorite mask for man's duplicity, has now added to its other dangers the irresponsibility of hysteria and the imminence of riot. Old methods of procedure have become too slow, and accusation is now the beginning and the end. Indictment and conviction are simultaneous and the same. The question, "Where did he get it?" is proof not only that he has it, but that he bartered his honor in some ignoble trade. There are ears now only for charges of dishonesty.

Even the courts of law, which must always be the chief reliance of popular government, have not escaped the general assault. We seem unmindful that when the name of the court is tarnished and its authority broken down, nothing remains between the citizen and the mob except the troops. The awakening must come, and there is no higher duty which the patriotic citizen can perform than to see that that awakening comes before the spark and powder have united. There was a time when the cry of "Stop, thief" was followed by the demand for proof, and the accuser himself might be suspected. That method is now among the noxious and despised, and the accuser steps proudly into the arena without proof or question, to become the hero of the hour and be clothed with the people's confidence.

The rewards of office are now no oftener for the statesman than for the agitator. One who can say enough is excused from knowing. The church and school have become subordinate to the street. Intelligence and thrift, once themes for highest praise, are now numbered among the lowly. The seat of power has descended from the head to the shoulders, and is on its way down. The danger is increased because this condition has come about in law and order's name. There is no part of the country that has not its distinguished operator. And among them all there is not one who ever raised his head above the cellar of obscurity until he heard the prevailing cry of discord and joined in the new crusade to purge by fire. I view it as a sign of danger to be read more than once, when the public accepts as its saviour one whom the individual rejects. It is a sad omen when the public offers its support where no man tenders his homage.

Confidence should spring not from proclamation and announcement, but from contact and knowledge. The oldest does not remember when public applause was so loud and private commendation so subdued. The hurrah of the multitude is unsupported by personal sentiment. The man about whom public speech and private utterance are in conflict is not fit to be a leader. The man who gains his prominence through methods dishonorable or revolutionary is not fit to be a leader. Whoever in the name of law and order would destroy and overturn those ancient foundations is not fit to be a leader.

The sin of hypocrisy has much to answer for, but it achieves an added stigma when by persistence and reiteration it inflames the public mind and shapes the public conduct to its harm. Crime always loses its sting when it becomes general. It goes unnoticed when its course is slow and the theatre is large. This is why an outrage on the public is so long undiscovered and so often unpunished. The crime against society is, nevertheless, the highest crime, and its limitations can never be staked out. For where one succeeds by means abhorrent and unlawful he excites every member of that portion of society which strikes below the belt. And conscience is easily stupefied in an age when everything is forgiven to success. That such an age is now here is proven by examples so numerous and distinguished that the most careless intelligence cannot fail to point them out.

Ambition and disappointment have ever shielded their unworthy figures under the protection of that cloak. No class is more careful to keep its forms and reasons right than the self-seeking and the spurious. A dishonorable deed is not accompanied by admissions. Whatever the act may be, the motive assigned will be high. No vagabond is so dishonest as not to prefer the badge of decency. Accomplishment is easier under that disguise. All mankind throws down its guard at the door of the church. Every vagabond knows this—none better than the vagabond in politics. Whatever other truth he may forget, he remembers that. He directs his course with a fixed mind. He may sail a pirate craft, but services will be held on board. Whatever may be done below, the sound of psalms will rise softly from the deck. This method has prevailed so long that it is almost expected to. It is the oldest subterfuge known to man. It still holds its rank as the best.

The forms of fraud are as many as the phases of men's minds. But the fraud that comes under the guise of virtue and respectability seems always welcome. Age cannot wither nor custom stale its infinite attractions. The question lately uppermost has been, can it win again? This old subterfuge of covering a fraud with the veneer of respectability is oftenest applied in politics. One office-seeker, denied his ambition, bolts his successful rival, always assigning as his reason the purity of his own conscience. Another, rejected by the boss he fawned upon, betrays his party to destroy the hateful boss. A third, having already reaped his share of the bargain, repudiates the trade to avoid the inconvenience of keeping his word. But the repudiation is always smothered in

the phrases of the Pharisee. These things the people have too often cheered and praised.

If party treason were less applauded, political hypocrisy would be less common. That is why I have always believed in and advocated to the extent of my feeble powers the value of the party spirit.

The success of one pretender has raised up others, till the chain has encircled the country, and to-day there is hardly a kingdom the demagogue cannot call his own. The result has been what even the wayfaring man could plainly have foretold. Political lines have been torn down. The two great parties are adrift. Intelligence is a weakling and business thirst is in the catalogue of crimes. An opinion taints a man with treason unless first approved by those who have no opinions of their own. The air is alive with charges and vituperation, and in the confusion the demagogue is steadily ascending to the seats of power.



HONORABLE FRANK S. BLACK, A NOTED REPUBLICAN LEADER, AND A BRILLIANT ORATOR.—Copyright, 1902, by Gessford.

And these deceptions are done, as they have been done since the days of Esau, in the name of righteousness and the holy life.

In every other walk and occupation an offense is sought to be discovered and reproved, but in politics if success crowns the manoeuvre the means are sure to be condoned and apt to be forgotten. And yet among all the crimes which men commit, the greatest is that which corrupts and deceives the people.

Murder may shock and revolt, but it selects its victim. The thief may steal, but he can take only that which to-morrow may replace. The rogue of every name and trade may skulk from one night to another, but the eye of the law will search him out and the sword of justice is swinging in his path. There is little danger in such crimes except to the individual. But the corrupter of the public mind inflames and deludes the whole. The evil he pursues moves unchecked because unfeared. It spreads and poisons and eats unseen. It plants the seeds of discontent and divides where union once prevailed. That people which refuse to see and correct the danger must behold in time their institutions crumble and their freedom pass away.

This crime deserves no other name than treason, and compared with that an offense against the person is as a star to the milky way. The greater the crime the harder it seems to discover it. If it relates to the community the individual is indifferent. The public mind is slow to focus. It sits complaisant under any fraud provided it affects the whole. In nearly all directions the strides of the last few years have surpassed any hundred years preceding. Wealth has accumulated, inventions have multiplied, and business has been scattered almost by the winds. But in the last ten years no industry has shown the speed or profit or popularity attained by the business of hypocrisy. It is one of the oldest occupations of the human race, but it was left to the twentieth century to raise it to a science. The success of one has encouraged another. The indifference of the people has encouraged them all, until now State after State has its conspicuous example, and communities have their favorite sons. Its peculiar field is politics, and to the number living by it the two great parties have made lavish contributions, until now it seems beyond control, and is scourging the country like a plague.

Men will be dishonest and insincere as long as the public accepts pretension in place of merit. The demagogue will flourish and prevail as long as a single one shall attain the reward which probity alone is entitled to command. The business itself must be made odious, without regard to party, person, or locality. They must all go or all stay. When the people dis-

criminate and praise one and condemn another, they impeach their own sincerity and thus elevate the dishonest to the level of themselves. Whoever cheats the public should be branded and cast out. There should be no pardon for him whether he mumbles the name of Lincoln or of Jefferson. Hypocrisy should not be shielded by a name. To the demagogue all names and all parties are alike if they serve his end. And when the public understands these things and sets its face resolutely against the sham, however high or gilded, the redemption of the public service is in sight and the demagogue has achieved his last renown.

The public ear is filled with the din of a controversy which is both dangerous and unreal. Our people are prosperous and united beyond those of any other country on the globe. There is no career of fame or power that is not open to every American child. Wealth cannot assure him nor poverty prevent. No race nor creed nor color shall debar him, and he brings his credentials from his own cradle. And yet there are those by whom the attempt is made, wicked and persistent, to separate into classes and array one against another. We hear on every street and in every spot where men assemble, the charge so bitterly expressed, of the wrongs of labor and the greed of money. Public legislation is asked to shape itself, the public servant is asked to conduct himself, and even the high tribunals of the law are sought to be invaded by the clamor of this unnatural and fictitious struggle. The rights of labor and the labor union, the rights of incorporated wealth, have rung in our ears until we forget that over and above them both are the inherent and constitutional rights of the American citizen.

I would stir the American people to the realization that whoever would breed discord among them is the enemy of all. I would have incorporated wealth and incorporated labor each know its place as the servant, and not the master, of this republic. I would remember the millions upon millions of freemen who believe neither in the tyranny of wealth nor the tyranny of force. I would restore to citizenship its once proud meaning, now rapidly falling to decay. I would return to the inspiration of the church, the school, the farm, and every sect and order, in which lies the country's hope and sinew.

An Anti-dust League.

AMERICANS are sometimes accused of a propensity for getting up organizations for all imaginable purposes, but, so far as our observation goes, no one of our resourceful and inventive citizens has yet conceived the idea of starting an anti-dust league, such as now exists in Switzerland. If such a society has found a sufficient *raison d'être* in the land of the Alps, it would surely seem as if a similar body might find a sphere of usefulness in many American towns, especially in the summer time. The Swiss anti-dust league is evidently taking itself seriously, and is now engaged in experiments with various compositions for laying dust. The processes under consideration are oiling, watering with deliquescent salts, and tarring. The first consists in spreading upon a well-swept road a heavy oil obtained from distilled petroleum. During a dry and warm period the spreading process is done with a brush. Watering with such salts as chloride of calcium would give appreciable results were it not for the ophthalmic effect on the eyes. For tarring, the product used is coal tar, the product of gas-works. The spreading with watering-pots must be done during a warm and dry period. The road, which has been carefully cleaned before the application of the tar, must then be carefully and gently brushed, and traffic must be suspended over it for at least twenty-four hours. The quality of tar preferable for lasting use is the product from gas made by carbureted water. It is said that these three anti-dust processes have given general satisfaction, and the numerous trials made under the supervision of the league in Switzerland demonstrate that the tar is the most efficacious of anything heretofore tried. The league urges frequent and substantial demonstrations of dust-settling processes, and estimates the cost to be but nominal.

Foreign- and Native-born Paupers.

STATISTICS gathered by the bureau of the census show that the total number of inmates of almshouses in the United States at the close of 1904 was 81,764, as against 73,045 in June, 1890. The 1904 ratio, 101.4 per 100,000 of population, compared with that of 1890, 116.6 per 100,000, marks the increase of prosperity. The percentage of native white paupers has decreased in the North Atlantic States and remained nearly stationary in the South Atlantic division, but has increased in the remaining divisions. Foreign-born white paupers are now in the majority in the North Atlantic and Western divisions, Minnesota having 77.3 per cent in her almshouse population, and Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, and New Jersey having more foreign-born than native-born paupers in public institutions. These statistics do not lend support to the contention that large numbers of immigrants become public charges soon after their arrival in this country, 96.1 per cent of those found in almshouses having lived here for ten years or more.

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JASPER'S HINTS TO MONEY-MAKERS

[NOTICE.—Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY at the home office, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York, at the full subscription rates, namely, five dollars per annum, or \$2.50 for six months, are placed on what is known as "Jasper's Preferred List," entitling them to the early delivery of their papers and to answers in this column to inquiries on financial questions having relevance to Wall Street, and, in emergencies, to answers by mail or telegraph. Preferred subscribers must remit directly to the office of Judge Company, in New York, and not through any subscription agency. No additional charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be inclosed, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. All inquiries should be addressed to "Jasper," Financial Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.]

THE HISTORIAN of our times will look back upon the present era as notable for the great speculative wave which swept across this country. It only needs the press reports from San Francisco, of the renewed excitement in the Comstock mining stocks, to justify this conclusion. Those of us who can recall the tremendous excitement, a quarter of a century ago, in the mining markets of California and Nevada, over the boom in the Comstocks, feel like rubbing their eyes when they read the dispatches regarding a revival of interest in Ophir, Con. Virginia, Gould and Curry, and others of the days long gone by. Added to these are now the Tonopah and the Goldfield stocks. All this is the natural outcome of the desire to speculate, which

FINANCIAL AND INSURANCE.

Department of Finance, Bureau for the Collection of Taxes, No. 57 Chambers Street (Stewart Building), New York, November 1, 1906.

IMPORTANT TO TAXPAYERS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO ALL persons whose taxes for the year 1906 have not been paid before the 1st day of November of the said year, that unless the same shall be paid to the Receiver of Taxes at his office in the Borough in which the property is located, as follows:

Borough of Manhattan, No. 57 Chambers street, Manhattan, N. Y.;
Borough of the Bronx, corner Third and Tremont avenues, The Bronx, N. Y.;
Borough of Brooklyn, Rooms 2, 4, 6 and 8, Municipal Building, Brooklyn, N. Y.;
Borough of Queens, corner Jackson avenue and Fifth street, Long Island City, N. Y.;
Borough of Richmond, Borough Hall, St. George, Staten Island, N. Y.,—before the 1st day of December of said year, he will charge, receive and collect upon such taxes so remaining unpaid on that day, in addition to an amount of such taxes, one per centum of the amount thereof, as provided by sections 916 and 918 of the Greater New York Charter (chapter 278, Laws of 1897).

DAVID E. AUSTEN,
Receiver of Taxes.

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seems to have lodgment in the breast of every American who has a little or a lot of money.

The remarkable rise in all the leading copper stocks, caused by the great advance in the price of that metal, and the recent rise in a new silver stock, the Nipissing, which sold at less than \$5 a short time ago, and has since sold at six or seven times that price, have turned speculation once more toward mines and mining. Vast fortunes have been made in the copper stocks during the past year or two. Think of Boston Consolidated selling at about \$6 in 1905, and recently at \$33; Granby at \$5 a year ago, and now around \$15; Shannon at \$6.75 in 1905, and recently at \$17; Victoria at \$2, and recently at \$9. Think of Calumet and Arizona paying four dollars in a single dividend, which is more than the stock itself sold for a short time ago, and some are wildly talking \$200 a share for it now. These are not dreams; they are realities, and, if anything brings on a bull movement in the stock market, as soon as the election excitement has subsided and the money stringency been overcome, it will be the broadening tendency to get rich quickly by speculative methods.

The danger of overdoing things is always present when the speculative spirit is rampant, because, at such a time, conservatism is thrown to the winds, signals of danger are discarded, and the mad rush is only brought to a halt by the sudden shock of a severe reverse. In these times the conscienceless promoter finds his best opportunity to ply his trade. All sorts of wildcat schemes can be floated which, during a period of reason and conservatism, would not be considered for a moment. Those who remember the speculative wave in Wall Street five years ago can recall the frenzy of excitement which swept conservative brokers off their feet. It was at this time that the Amalgamated proposition was floated with such success. It was in those days that Thomas W. Lawson, now posing as the evangel of conservatism, was unloading his Trinity stock on the dear public on statements that were as ridiculously extravagant and diabolically dishonest as anything I have ever seen.

Those who will go back to Lawson's advertisements of Trinity stock in November, 1900, only six years ago, and will recall his statements that \$15,000,000 to \$16,000,000 were in sight, and that the net earnings from August, 1900, would be "at least \$2,000,000 to \$3,000,000 per annum, and eventually much more," will read with interest what Mr. Stevens has to say in his latest "Handbook on Copper," to the effect that Trinity stock is "utterly rotten," that Lawson bought the mine for the modest sum of \$165,000 and a stock consideration, and capitalized it at \$6,000,000, trying to do what he did with Arcadian when he put it to \$75, though later it sold at 75 cents a share. Mr. Stevens says "there is considerable speculation as to what has become of the \$972,000 of working capital intrusted to Lawson several years ago. No financial statement has been vouchsafed by the virtuous Lawson for some years. Presumably, he has been too busy writing magazine articles attacking the Amalgamated Copper Company."

I might add that, while Trinity is now selling on the Boston market among the cheapest of the copper stocks, Amalgamated is back on an 8 per cent. dividend, and the stock is selling at higher than the figures at which it was taken by the public. There is a general belief that it will pay still higher dividends and sell at better figures than ever. I said long ago that it was amazing that any one should take stock in what such a notorious promoter and schemer as Lawson had to say either concerning the market or the men in the market. In the light of the experience the public has had with the Lawson stocks, and with the Rogers stocks, it is not difficult to decide what the verdict would be if the people were called upon for an expression of opinion or for a vote of confidence. P. T. Barnum said years ago that the American public liked to be fooled, and Lawson has demonstrated the truth of that proposition as emphatically as any one could. Those who bought Amalgamated Copper and clung to it in spite of Law-

son's abuse of the company and of Mr. Rogers, now find themselves "on velvet." Those who sold it, under the excitement which Lawson sought to create, and thereby lost heavily, should turn their guns on the Boston agitator. He no doubt profited by buying what his victims sold.

While I am in this train of thought I might refer to the remarkable recovery in the price of American Ice shares after

they were merged in the American Ice Securities Company. It was the fashion, when the dividend on American Ice preferred was passed, for the press and men like Lawson to bitterly assail Mr. Charles W. Morse, the head of the ice combination, and one of the brainiest and most successful financiers in New York to-day. The ice business, much like the steel and iron business, is either

Continued on page 476.

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At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafes, Böttger & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Sole Agents for United States.

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

Continued from page 475.

a prince or a pauper, and when its bad years came and dividends were suspended, and the Ice Company's shares dropped to almost nothing, I advised the holders of the latter (as I did those of Amalgamated) not to sacrifice the stock but to wait for better times. Those who did so, and who exchanged their shares for stock of the American Ice Securities Company, now find that their holdings never before were worth as much in the market as now. I have not heard Lawson apologize to Mr. Rogers or to the Amalgamated company for the wrong he has done, nor have I heard any of the assailants of Mr. Morse express regret for the hasty misjudgment of him. I presume it is sufficient satisfaction to these gentlemen, who have seen their properties restored to their former high level, to know that that work has been accomplished in spite of the assaults of their detractors. Apologies are unsought.

While the speculative fever is on in real estate, in mining, and in anything else that offers opportunities for a gamble, it is well to remember that the higher and more general the rage for speculation, the greater the danger of a collapse. Wall Street, which is quick to feel the pulsations of trade, lapsed into a quiet state early in October. When foreign money lenders began to draw their purse strings tightly against New York, and when the tide of gold from Europe ceased to flow, liquidation on this side of the water became necessary. The stringency in the money market, which was supposed to be a matter of a few weeks, did not abate, and finally it was generally conceded that its continuance was to be expected during the remainder of the year, and perhaps for a time after the first of January.

The market might have overcome the tight-money handicap, but on top of it came reports of a movement among

railway employés for shorter hours, which means increased expenditures for the railroads. This followed a general public demand for lower fares, and an agitation in Congress for the regulation of freight rates. It can readily be seen that none of these is a bull factor. Excepting for the good crops, and the general prosperity of the country, we have had nothing but bear factors for some time. The market has stood up strongly in spite of these drawbacks. High prices have been maintained, and, in some instances, higher prices secured; and, as I have said, if the rage for speculation, now so apparent in the mining world and in real estate, reaches out into Wall Street and into the cotton and grain markets, as it may do before its climax, we may have lively times ahead of us. Nevertheless, I repeat what I have frequently said, that it is better to lose a chance to make a little than to run the risk of losing much.

"A Subscriber," Beverly, Mass.: Anonymous communications are never answered by me.

"C. Chase's Lake, N. Y.: Clement & Smith,

1 Nassau Street, New York, are rated high and stand well.

"B. Garland, Me.: All the statements made by those who have knowledge of the proposition have been favorable.

"Golden Cross," Newark, N. J.: I have endeavored to ascertain something regarding the mine to which you allude, but am unable to do so. Nothing is known of it on the Street.

"S. St., New York: I would not be in a hurry to average up on my North American or any other stock. Until the money market relaxes, liquidation is as likely to happen as anything else.

"W. Scranton, Penn.: I have heard favorable comments regarding it, but have not seen the property. The firm stands well, and no complaint has ever been made to me regarding its dealings with its clients.

"B." New York: I have heard good reports about the property from those familiar with it, who say it has great opportunities for favorable development along the lines on which the work is to be accomplished.

"F." Brooklyn, N. Y.: 1. I know nothing about it excepting what was stated in the prospectus. 2. The information is decidedly meagre. It is always wise to know something about a property if you propose to purchase its shares.

"L. A." New Orleans, La.: I know of none. There is a general indisposition on the part of reliable firms to do business of that character on margins. There are many firms who will do this, but it is risky to take up with most of them.

"B. C." Providence: I regard the New York Central as a safe investment, though I cannot say that it is a purchase at the present price. All investment stocks are returning less than the prevailing interest rate. There are many who believe that the rates of interest will for some time be higher, and, if this is so, investment stocks and bonds must come down to a level where they will yield better returns.

"Pittsburgh," Penn.: Bethlehem Steel has been rather erratic of late, and the reason given for its decline, namely, the loss of business caused by competition, is not generally regarded with favor. The capital is \$15,000,000 common and \$15,000,000 preferred. The common largely represents the water in the proposition. The recent dividends have been 1 1/4 per cent. quarterly on the preferred. The par value is \$100. I am told that the new rail mill and structural bar processes are expected to largely increase the earnings, and, if that they do, the preferred stock will be paid the 7 per cent. to which it is entitled, and that something may be left for the common.

"W." Utica, N. Y.: 1. Toledo, St. Louis and Western preferred could be placed on the dividend list if the earnings as reported were applied for that purpose. I have frequently pointed out the value of this railway to some of the leading trunk lines, and its absorption by the Vanderbilt or Erie interests has been rumored on several occasions. For safety, the 4 per cent. bonds ahead of the stock are the cheapest, as, around 80, they yield 5 per cent. on the investment. 2. Amalgamated Copper, on an 8 per cent. basis, is high enough for a copper stock, but it is said to be earning sufficient to justify greater dividends, and, if the high price of copper continues, it is generally expected that Amalgamated will sell higher. You should have bought it when I recommended its purchase at about half present figures.

"X." Pawtucket, R. I.: 1. Among the party that has recently visited the Victoria Chief was the eminent Denver mining engineer, Colonel Farish, and I am advised by one of the party that, when he first saw the property and examined the tunnel in which the work is being done, he exclaimed, "This is wonderful!" On the return of the party we shall have reports from independent sources regarding the Victoria Chief, and from all that I can hear they will corroborate the statements of Colonel Hopper. I notice that the Albuquerque Journal speaks of "the fabulous richness" of the property, which is now for the first time being brought to public attention. The completion of the wagon road over the mountains to Engle will facilitate the immediate delivery of ore for smelting purposes, and it is the general belief that the Victoria Chief will be a dividend payer before many months. In that event the shares will sell decidedly higher, in view of the general anxiety on every side to get into promising mining properties at this time. I cannot give you the latest fiscal report of the mine, but you can secure it by addressing Hopper & Bigelow, 100 Broadway, New York. I understand that the last allotment of stock for public sale at 75 cents a share has been entirely taken, and largely by friends of the party now visiting the property, who have been inspired by the reports they have received from the visitors. If any further shares are sold to the public the price will be higher. 2. The report of American Malt for the fiscal year ending the first of September showed a diminution of \$160,000 in the net profits compared with those of the preceding year. The net return was about \$600,000. The statement was not as favorable as had been expected, but I would not sacrifice my shares.

Continued on page 477.

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Geo. P. Way, of Detroit, tells briefly of the Means he used to relieve his own Deafness.

More than 25 years ago I first noticed my hearing was impaired. Gradually it grew worse until in time I was unable to hear unless people shouted at me. Of course I tried various methods to help myself, but with very little benefit. I used to suffer greatly from "head noises."

One day when the "buzzing" in one ear was worse than usual, I placed a piece of cotton waste in it to see if the warmth would give relief. Judge of my surprise when I heard quite clearly sounds which previously had been faint and indistinct.

Noting the peculiar shape of the tuft of cotton, I immediately began my experiments on an artificial ear drum. Knowing the danger of constantly wearing a piece of cotton in the ear, I at once looked for a material which would be pliable, aseptic and sensitive to sound vibrations. I studied under the best authorities on the ear, and made many different drums of all shapes and sizes, from all kinds of materials, until at last I perfected the Way Ear Drum.

My invention has been granted government patents both in the United States and abroad.

Thousands who, like myself, suffered from defective hearing, have found Way Ear Drums a great help. To you who still suffer I extend a cordial invitation to write me about your deafness. Tell me the cause and how long you have been deaf. I will gladly refer you to people whom you probably know, and tell you frankly whether I think my drum will help you. People who were born deaf and those who are totally deaf, are generally beyond relief. Address Geo. P. Way, 1147 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

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The SY-CLO Closet has an unusually wide water surface that prevents the possibility of impurity adhering to the sides. That's why the SY-CLO is always clean.

Unlike the ordinary closet; the SY-CLO Closet has a double cleansing action, a combination of flush from above and a powerful pump-like pull from below. The downward rush of water creates a vacuum in the pipe into which the entire contents of the bowl is drawn with irresistible syphonic force. That's why the SY-CLO Closet is called

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The SY-CLO Closet has a deep-water seal that perpetually guards the household health by making impossible the escape of sewer gas, a subtle and often unsuspected poison.

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The name "SY-CLO" on a closet guarantees that it is made under the direction and supervision of the Potteries Selling Company, of the best materials, and with the aid of the best engineering skill, and has the united endorsement of eighteen of the leading potteries of America.

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ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT LESLIE'S WEEKLY
225 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

Continued from page 476.

"L.," New York: I never heard of the property and nothing is known of it on the Street.

"Subscriber": I would not recommend the firm to which you allude, nor the securities they are offering for sale.

"McC.," Minneapolis: Union Copper Company proxy received, and I will endeavor to utilize it satisfactorily.

"M.," Batavia, N. Y.: I have heard nothing but good reports concerning the Boston Exploration Company to which you refer.

"M.," South Framingham, Mass.: All the inquiries I have made regarding this concern have received favorable answers. I have never had a complaint from any of its clients.

"S.," New York: Your inquiries do not concern Wall Street matters. You will have not the slightest difficulty in obtaining the information by addressing the presidents of the respective banks. If they decline to answer, kindly let me know.

"B. T.," Hudson, N. Y.: 1. Jonasson & Company deal in some of the cheaper mining stocks. 2. I do not recommend it. There are too many such speculative propositions in the market. Better buy something that does not look so cheap, but has more merit.

"Inquirer": The difficulty about all such propositions is that if you desired to realize on your stock at any time it might be very difficult to find a market. It is not listed or sold in Wall Street, and very little is known about it. It seems to be a local industry.

"P.," Ubly, Mich.: 1. Buffalo Rochester and Pittsburg common is not very active, and is therefore not particularly attractive for speculation. 2. I doubt if American Car and Foundry common will sell any higher a year from to-day. This is not a good market to get into.

"N.," New York: I can only say to you that any proposition which offers a sure thing, and unusual profits to utter strangers, may always be regarded with suspicion. I do not believe in the stock offered by the Security-Elberta Company as an investment, and even as a speculative venture it does not command itself.

"Gun": Texas Pacific's last annual report showed a nominal deficit after payment of interest on the bonds, including the second incomes, but the company has been expending its money freely on improvements and putting the line in much better condition. Its friends believe that if prosperous conditions continue it can be put on the dividend list within a few years.

"Mad River": The prospectus of the Mad River Mining Company indicates that the proposition is largely in the prospect stage. The capital looks excessive for such a proposition. I certainly do not recommend the purchase of the stock, unless you have perfect confidence in the statements the management makes and know that these statements justify the high capitalization.

"Invest": Providence, R. I.: A. R. Specht & Co. stand well. Parties who have visited the Clear Creek and Gilpin Mining and Tunnel Company in Colorado report that the enterprise is well under way, and that the Albro mine, owned by the company, has produced \$1,000,000. You can secure photographs of the newly-constructed mill and power-house, with a beautiful book of much interest, by writing to A. R. Specht & Co., 43 Exchange Place, New York.

"X. Y. Z.," Allegheny, Penn.: Any number of brokers, so-called and alleged, are sending out glowing prospectuses of various mining propositions, many of them the wildest of wildcats, and soliciting their sale at almost any price, from a cent a share upward. Beware of the allurements of the mining-stock prospectus. The more attractive it seems, the more dangerous it is, unless you know that the parties behind it are responsible and in good standing. Nothing is cheaper than printed literature.

"W. M.," Pittsfield, Mass.: There are many believers in Old Alta, as the camp has been a large producer of silver-lead ores. Within two or three years large sulphide ore bodies have been uncovered among the best properties in the camp. The Continental Alta, I understand, is mining sulphide ores which, it is claimed, average 10 per cent copper, with sufficient gold and silver values to pay the cost of smelting. You can obtain all the printed matter descriptive of Alta by addressing Catlin & Powell Company, 35 Wall Street, New York.

"B.," Buffalo, N. Y.: Upon inquiry I learn from the F. E. Houghton Company, Boston, Mass., the fiscal agents, that the Boston Exploration Company acts as holding corporation for three well-known mines, all in Washington—the Triune, the Mineral Hill, and the Providence. The concern is officered by men of good standing in commercial circles. The stock looks more attractive than the others you mention. Address Houghton Company, Old South Building, Boston, for description of the properties.

"S. St.," New York: The decline in the Green Bay and Western B bonds is no doubt due to the proposition of a reorganization committee that the holders of these bonds shall put up sufficient money to purchase the stock, and thus control the situation. I presume you have seen the plan. The stock stands ahead of the bonds, and it is desired to get the former out of the way, so that the B bonds may have a better standing. If the earnings of the road justify payment on the B bonds I see no reason why their present position is not good.

"M.," New Bedford, Mass.: I have repeatedly said that I did not believe that the Chicago-New York Air Line Company could or would carry out the plans set forth in their glowing circulars. It is well enough to talk about building an air line between New York and Chicago, but, after it is built, how will it get terminal facilities in either of these great cities? The Pennsylvania is spending \$100,000,000 to get satisfactory terminals in New York, and the New York Central is expending \$50,000,000 to enlarge the terminal it already has in this city. A newcomer would find it exceedingly difficult, without enormous expense, to gain a foothold in the great metropolis of the West or the East.

"M.," Cleveland, O.: 1. The authorized issue last August of \$15,000,000 bonds on Allis-Chalmers naturally affected the stock. The preferred is entitled to 7 per cent cumulative dividends, and is convertible, dollar for dollar, into common shares till 1921. You are correct in stating that it has a very strong directorate, and I am told that its earnings are large, and that the preferred offers inducements to the patient holder. Allis-Chalmers common sold in 1903 as low as \$9. Of course these great electrical manufacturing industries should suffer if the general prosperity of the country should have a setback. 2. You ought to be a subscriber at the home office. Read note at the head of my department. It is worth it. Your profit on ice should enable you to pay for it.

"T.," Campello, Mass.: 1. I doubt if this is a market in which securities of the investment or semi-investment class will have a decided advance, not at least until interest rates decline to a normal standard. The rate for time money keeps high, with indications that it may go higher. If it does, holders of investment securities will hardly be satisfied with four, or even four and one-half, per cent., and liquidation in them would bring prices materially lower. 2. American Hide and Leather 6s have a speculative quality. I do not think they are as good as American Ice Securities 6s. There are those who predict that American Ice Securities stock will sell as high as American Sugar common on its merits. 3. U. P. preferred is as safe as N. Y. Central or Manhattan Elevated. It only pays 4 per cent., but the common is now paying 10 per cent., and is said to be earning from 15 to 20.

New York, November 8th, 1906. JASPER.

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Special offers in Diamonds, all pure white, perfectly cut, set in Tiffany, Tiffany Belcher, Flat or Round Belcher, Tooth or any fancy style of mounting desired, as follows: No. 25, \$175; No. 26, \$145; No. 27, \$115; No. 28, \$90; No. 29, \$75; No. 30, \$65; No. 31, \$55; No. 32, \$20.

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Trade Chances in Australia.
INSUFFICIENT attention to the details of postage and packing seems to be a drawback to the extension of American trade in New South Wales, but an improvement in the matter of packing, with heavier cases, braced inside and out, is now reported. Many catalogues sent to Australian merchants are destroyed by the postal authorities because postage has not been fully prepaid, the addressees refusing to make good the deficit. The best opportunities for the sale of American goods are in hardware, machinery, crude drugs, foods, agricultural implements, paper, glass, and canned goods.

Pacific Salmon Fishing Threatened.
UNTIL A FEW years ago, the prediction that the salmon of the rivers of the Pacific coast might become extinct would have been received with incredulity if not ridicule. Now, however, it is asserted that the fish are not increasing in numbers, even if, as some authorities maintain, the supply is not diminishing. The hatcheries which are supported by public funds are not, according to these authorities, replenishing the Columbia and other rivers as they should, owing to the fact that the fry are released before they are large enough to protect themselves against their natural enemies; and the irrigation ditches, into which many of them are swept, there to perish, are held responsible for a part of the mischief. Not the least important of the causes which have led to this condition of affairs is the greed of packers and fishermen which has caused them to disregard closed-season restrictions, until now they are threatened with the eventual destruction of an industry which represents a capitalization of about \$30,000,000. It is probably true that the present condition of the salmon fishery is not desperate, but it is well to sound an alarm, as the Portland *Oregonian* is doing, against delay on the part of State Legislatures to safeguard the future of one of the greatest sources of food supply in the world.

Uncle Sam's Big Domain.

IN THE preliminary report of the Public Lands Commission, appointed by the President two years ago, facts are disclosed which will surprise very many who imagine that pretty much all of the public domain has been disposed of. It is a fact, however, that the public lands of the United States still "embrace in area nearly one-third of the entire extent of the Union, and are widely scattered, extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific, and from Canada to Mexico, including every variety of topography and climate." Excluding Alaska, there are twenty-three States and three Territories containing public land, of which a total area of 473,836,402 acres still remained on June 30th, 1904. It is true that of these vacant lands the great bulk throughout the West are unsuitable for cultivation under present known conditions of agriculture; they are so situated that they cannot be reclaimed by irrigation, and yet the history of the

past forbids disbelief that present conditions may be overcome.

It is estimated that more than 300,000,000 acres are public grazing land, an area approximately equal to one-fifth of the extent of the United States proper. The agricultural possibilities of great areas of the public lands are almost unknown, but "lands which a generation, or even a decade, ago were supposed to be valueless, are now producing large crops either with or without irrigation." All this is cause for encouragement. Certain it is that, with the hordes of immigrants pouring into the country, we shall need every square foot of soil available. The time will come when it will be absolutely necessary to make every square foot of soil to yield its quota of support for swarming millions. When that time comes the means for meeting new conditions will also be discovered—it has always been so, and always will be.

Corn as a Factor of Prosperity.

IN AN editorial of rejoicing over the record-breaking corn harvest of Nebraska the Omaha *World-Herald* recalls the time when every bushel of a bumper crop represented a net loss to the farmer by reason of the low prices that attended the over-production. Fifteen years ago, after the garnering of a phenomenal crop, thousands of bushels were used as fuel. Now the development of the packing industry has supplied a market at the farmers' very doors, which makes 40-cent corn in a fruitful year one of the great sources of Nebraska's wealth. And what is true of Nebraska is true of the whole corn belt. At least several million Americans know that the success of the great packing houses means their own prosperity, and will do their best to see that neither is disturbed again.

Life-insurance Suggestions.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable. Address "Hermit," LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.]

IN VIEW of the great importance of the elections for the choice of directors of the Mutual and New York Life Insurance Companies, it is to be hoped that the policy-holders of these companies will avail themselves to the fullest extent of their voting privilege. They now have an opportunity to put an end to the feeling of unrest which has prevailed in life-insurance circles by placing in office men in whom they have confidence, and they owe it to themselves to make the most of it. It is reassuring to know that most of the candidates on the several tickets are men of high standing in the business world; in making their choice of directors the voters will have chiefly to consider how far it is wise to intrust the conduct of the companies to men new to the insurance business, and how far to retain in office directors who, though subjected to the investigation of the Armstrong committee, were not involved in the delinquencies of the executive officers. I have been asked to name those who, in my opinion, are the best candidates on the various tickets, and am giving the matter careful consideration. In the mean time I am accepting the voting proxies of those policy-holders who are sending them in to me. The polls close on December 18th; your vote should be recorded early.

"G.," Springfield, Ill.: New proxy at hand, and will be voted.

"L.," Bagley, Wis.: I have your New York Life proxy. There are names on both tickets that ought to have consideration, if Wall Street influences are sought to be eliminated.

"R.," Rutland, Vt.: I have your voting proxy for the Mutual Reserve, and agree with you that, if a new ticket is named, it ought to receive your vote. I am surprised that the policy-holders do not organize in this matter more efficiently for their protection.

"E. M.," Buffalo, N. Y.: Two tickets for directors of the New York Life are in the field, the company's and the policy-holders'. There are three tickets for the directors of the Mutual Life. The policy-holders of the Equitable have not organized to name a ticket, probably because it is a stock company in control of Mr. Ryan, who will name twenty-four directors, while the policy-holders will have the privilege of voting for a ticket selected by the directors, containing twenty-eight names, or a bare majority. No opposition ticket has been named against the Mutual Reserve management or that of the Security Mutual, of Binghamton, though the policy-holders of both these companies could have organized for that purpose had they chosen to do so. The polls were opened on October 18th, and will close December 18th.

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